February 1920

The Red Cross Magazine

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"BILLY BRAD'S BANK BOOK"
By
Ellis Parker Butler

"IN LINCOLN'S CHAIR"
Ida M. Tarbell's Story of Lincoln's Religion

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The Red Cross Magazine

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THIS MAGAZINE is late. By this time we had hoped to have forgotten all about the printer's strike, but the aftermath of the strike still continues. Picking up on the dates of the MAGAZINE is a difficult task. We are gaining, but we are gaining slowly. We hope very soon to catch up with time and get the MAGAZINE to you at the accustomed date. In the meanwhile, if you don't get your next MAGAZINE on time and feel tempted to sit down and write us about it, just postpone the letter a few days, and the MAGAZINE will drop in on you. We haven't forgotten you, and the MAGAZINE is coming.

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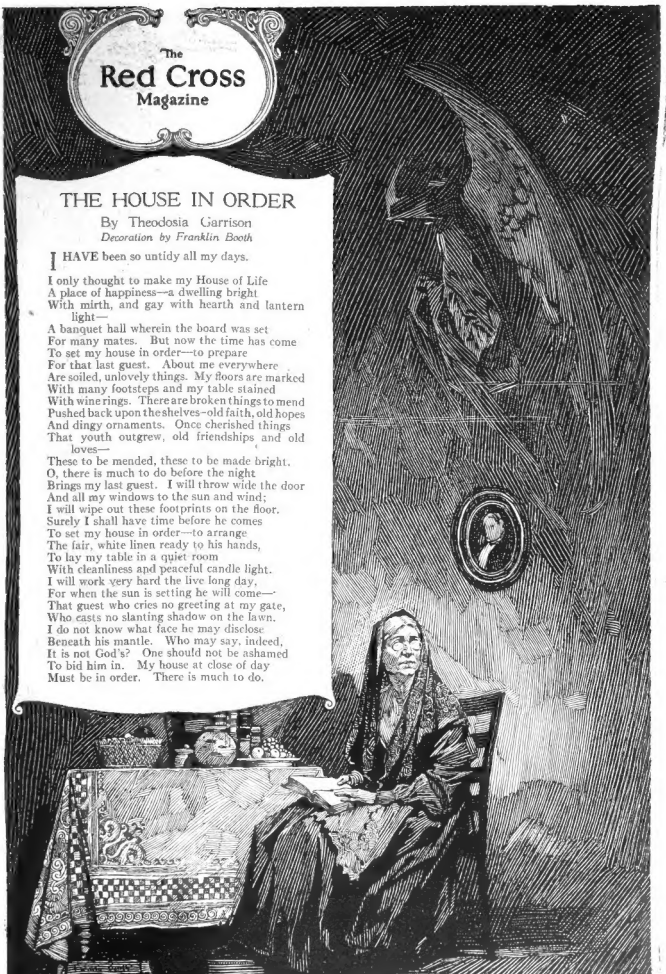
The Red Cross Magazine

THE HOUSE IN ORDER

By Theodosia Garrison

Decoration by Franklin Booth

I HAVE been so untidy all my days.
I only thought to make my House of Life
A place of happiness—a dwelling bright
With mirth, and gay with hearth and lantern light—
A banquet hall wherein the board was set
For many mates. But now the time has come
To set my house in order—to prepare
For that last guest. About me everywhere
Are soiled, unlovely things. My floors are marked
With many footsteps and my table stained
With wine rings. There are broken things to mend
Pushed back upon the shelves—old faith, old hopes
And dingy ornaments. Once cherished things
That youth outgrew, old friendships and old loves—
These to be mended, these to be made bright.
O, there is much to do before the night
Brings my last guest. I will throw wide the door
And all my windows to the sun and wind;
I will wipe out these footprints on the floor.
Surely I shall have time before he comes
To set my house in order—to arrange
The fair, white linen ready to his hands,
To lay my table in a quiet room
With cleanliness and peaceful candle light.
I will work very hard the live long day,
For when the sun is setting he will come—
That guest who cries no greeting at my gate,
Who casts no slanting shadow on the lawn.
I do not know what face he may disclose
Beneath his mantle. Who may say, indeed,
It is not God's? One should not be ashamed
To bid him in. My house at close of day
Must be in order. There is much to do.



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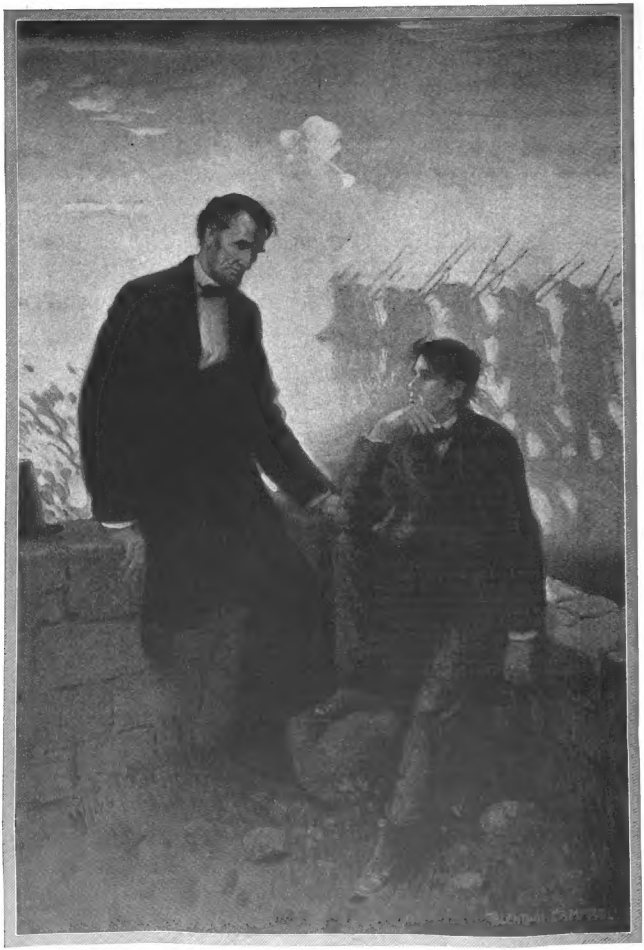

"All I can do is to follow what I think is right,
Whatever shall appear to be God's will, I'll do."

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IN LINCOLN'S CHAIR

By Ida M. Tarbell

Author of "Life of Lincoln", "Father Abraham", etc.

Illustrated by Blendon Campbell

WAS Abraham Lincoln what might be called a devoutly religious man? For many years this has been a much discussed question and has been the subject of endless study on the part of those who have written about the great Emancipator ever since his death. Up to now, however, we believe that no one has spoken with the authority of the author of this article.

Ida M. Tarbell knows more about Abraham Lincoln than any other living person. Her books "Life of Lincoln," "He Knew Lincoln," and "Father Abraham" are evidence of the intense interest and conscientious mind with which she has always studied the life of our own man of sorrows. It is a subject on which she has a feeling that transcends even the enthusiasm which usually inspires her writings.

Here for the first time she writes upon the absorbing topic of Lincoln's religious convictions, and the result is an appealingly unconventional presentation of the man himself. The "Billy Brown" of the monologue is not a character in fiction but a real man with whom Miss Tarbell has had various talks during the course of her study of Lincoln. Out of her notes she has published other stories around this "Billy Brown" and his intimate talks with his great friend, but none more interesting—to us anyway—than this.

"YES SIR; he was what I call a *godly* man. Fact is, I never knew anybody I felt so sure would walk straight into Heaven, everybody welcomin' him, nobody fussin' or fumin' about his bein' let in as Abraham Lincoln."

It was Billy Brown talking. We were seated by his stove in his drug store on the public square of Springfield, Illinois, he tilted back in a worn high-back Windsor, I seated properly in his famous "Lincoln's chair," a seat too revered for anybody to stand on two legs. It was a snowy blustery day and the talk had run on uninterruptedly from the weather to the campaign. (The year was 1896, and Billy, being a gold Democrat, was gloomy over politics.) We had finally arrived, as we always did when we met to when Mr. Lincoln was alive, and Billy had been dwelling lovingly on his great friend's gentleness, goodness, honesty.

"You know I never knew anybody," he went on, "who seemed to me more interested in God, more curious about Him, more anxious to find out what He was drivin' at in the world than Mr. Lincoln. I reckon he was allus that way. There ain't any doubt that from the time he was a little shaver he grabbed on to everything that came his way—wouldn't let it go till he had it worked out, fixed it in his mind so he understood it, and could tell it the way he saw it. Same about religion as everything else. Of course he didn't get no religious teachin' like youngsters have now-a-days—Sunday Schools and church regular every Sunday—lessons all worked out, and all kinds of books to explain 'em. Still I ain't sure but what they give so many helps now, the Bible don't get much show.

"It wan't so when Mr. Lincoln was a boy. No, sir. Bible was the whole thing, and there ain't any doubt he knew it pretty near by heart, knew it well before he ever could read, for Lincoln had a good mother, that's sure, the kind that wanted more than anything else in the world to have her boy grow up to be a good man, and she did all she knew how to teach him right.

"I remember hearin' him say once how she used to tell him Bible stories, teach him verses—always quotin' 'em. I can see him now sprawlin' on the floor in front of the fire listenin' to Nancy Hanks tellin' him about Moses and Jacob and Noah and all those old fellows, tellin' him about Jesus and his dyin' on the cross. I tell you that took hold of a little shaver, livin' like he did, remote and not havin' many books or places to go. Filled you chuck full of wonder and mystery, made you lie awake nights, and sometimes swelled you all up, wantin' to be good.

"Must have come mighty hard on him havin' her die. Think of a little codger like him seein' his mother lyin' dead in that shack of theirs, seein' Tom Lincoln holdin' his head and wonderin' what he'd do now. Poor little tad! He must have crept up and looked at her, and gone out and throwed himself on the ground and cried himself out. Hard thing for a boy of 9 to lose his mother, specially in such a place as they lived in.

"I don't see how he could get much comfort out of what they taught about her dyin', sayin' it was God's will, and hintin' that if you'd been what you ought to be it wouldn't have happened, never told a man that if he let a woman work herself to death it was his doin's she died—not God's will at all. God's will she should live and be happy and make him happy.

"But I must say Mr. Lincoln had luck in the stepmother he got. If there ever was a good woman, it was Sarah Johnston, and she certain did her duty by Tom Lincoln's children. 'Twan't so easy either; poor as he was, the kind that never really got a hold in anything, Sarah Johnston did her part—teachin' Mr. Lincoln just as his own mother would, and just as anxious as she'd been to have him grow up a good man. I tell you she was proud of him when he got to be President. I remember seein' her back in '62 or '63 on the farm Mr. Lincoln gave her, little ways out of Charleston. One of the last things Mr. Lincoln did before he went to Washington was to go down there and see his step-mother. He knew better than anybody what she'd done for him.

"Yes, sir, the best religious teachin' Mr. Lincoln ever got was from Tom Lincoln's two wives. It was the kind that went deep and stuck, because he

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saw 'em livin' it every day, practicin' it on him and his sister and his father and the neighbors. Whatever else he might have seen and learnt, when he was a boy he knew what his two mothers thought religion meant, and he never got away from that.

"Of course he had other teachin', principally what he got from the preachers that came around, now and then. Ramblin' lot they was, men all het up over the sins of the world, and bent on doin' their part towards headin' off people from hell-fire. They traveled around alone, sometimes on horse back, sometimes afoot—poor as Job, not too much to wear or to eat, never thinkin' of themselves, only about savin' souls; and it was natural that bein' alone so much, seein' so much misery and so much wickedness, for there was lots that was bad in that part of the world in those times—natural enough meditatin' as they did that they preached pretty strong doctrine. Didn't have a chance often at a congregation, and felt they must scare it to repentance if they couldn't do no other way. They'd work up people till they got 'em to shoutin' for mercy.

"I DON'T suppose they ever had anybody that listened better to 'em than Mr. Lincoln. I can just see him watchin' 'em and tryin' to understand what they meant. He was curious, rolled things over, kept at 'em and no amount of excitement they stirred up would ever have upset him. No, he wan't that kind.

"But he remembered what they said, and the way they said it. Used to get the youngsters together and try it on them. I heard him talkin' in here one day about the early preachin' and I remember his sayin': 'I got to be quite a preacher myself in those days. You know how those old fellows felt they hadn't done their duty if they didn't get everybody in church weepin' for their sins. We never set much store by a preacher that didn't draw tears and groans. Pretty strong doctrine, mostly hell-fire. There was a time when I preached myself to the children every week we didn't have a minister. I didn't think much of my sermon if I didn't make 'em cry. I reckon there was more oratory than religion in what I had to say.'

"I reckon he was right about that, allus' tryin' to see if he could do what other folks did, sort of measurin' himself.

"Yes sir, so far as preachin' was concerned it was a God of wrath that Abraham Lincoln was brought up on, and there ain't any denyin' that he had to go through a lot that carried out that idea. A boy can't grow up in a backwoods settlement like Gentryville, Indiana, without seein' a lot that's puzzlin', sort of scares you and makes you miserable. Things was harsh and things was skimpy. There wa'n't so much to eat. Sometimes there was fever and ague and rheumatiz and milk sick. Women died from too much work. No medicine—no care, like his mother did. I expect there wan't any human crime or sorrow he didn't know about, didn't wonder about. Thing couldn't be so terrible he would keep away from it. Why I heard him tell once how a boy he knew went mad, never got over it, use to sing to himself all night long, and Mr. Lincoln said that he couldn't keep away, but used to slip out nights and listen to that poor idiot croonin' to himself. He was like that, interested in strange things he didn't understand, in signs and dreams and mysteries.

"Still things have to be worse than they generally are anywhere to keep a boy down-hearted right along—specially a boy like Mr. Lincoln, with an investigatin' turn of mind like his, so many new things comin' along to surprise you. Why it was almost like Robinson Crusoe out there—wild land, havin' to make everything for yourself—hunt your meat and grow your cotton, mighty excitin' life for a boy—lots to do—lots of fun too, winter and summer. Somehow when you grow up in the country you can't make out that God ain't kind, if he is severe. I reckon that was the way Mr. Lincoln sized it up early, world might be a vale of tears, like they taught, but he saw it was mighty interestin' too, and a good deal of fun to be got along with the tears.

"Trouble was later to keep things balanced. The older he grew, the more he read, and he begun to run up against a kind of thinkin' along about the time he was twenty-one or twenty-two that was a good deal different from that he'd been used to, books that made out the Bible wa'n't so, that even said there wan't any God. We all took a turn at readin' Tom Paine and Voltaire out here, and there was another book—somebody's 'Ruins'—I forget the name."

"Volney?"

"Yes, that's it. 'Volney's Ruins.' "

"Do you know I think that book took an awful grip on Mr. Lincoln. I reckon it was the first time he ever realized how long the world's been runnin'; how many lots of men have lived and settled countries and built cities and how time and time again they've all been wiped out. Mr. Lincoln couldn't get over that. I've heard him talk about how old the world was time and time again, how nothing lasted—men—cities—nations. One set on top of another—men comin' along just as interested and busy as we are, in doin' things, and then little by little all they done passin' away.

"HE was always speculatin' about that kind of thing. I remember in '49 when he came back from Congress he stopped to see Niagara Falls. Well, sir, when he got home he couldn't talk about anything else for days, seemed to knock politics clean out of his mind. He'd sit there that winter in that chair you're in and talk and talk about it. Talk just like it's printed in those books his secretary got up. I never cared myself for all those articles they wrote. Wrong, am I? Mebbe so, but there wa'n't enough of Mr. Lincoln in 'em to suit me. I wanted to know what he said about everything in his own words. But I tell you when I saw the books with the things he had said and wrote all brought together nice and neat and one after another I just took to that. I've got 'em here in my desk, often read 'em and lots of it sounds just as natural, almost hear him sayin' it, just as if he was settin' here by the stove.

"Now what he tells about Niagara in the book is like that—just as if he was here. I can hear him sayin': 'Why Billy, when Columbus first landed here, when Christ suffered on the Cross, when Moses crossed dry-shod through the Red Sea, even when Adam was first made, Niagara was roarin' away.' He'd talk in here just as it is printed there; how the big beasts whose bones they've found in mounds must have seen the falls, how it's older than them and older than the first race of men. They're all dead and gone, not even bones of many of 'em left, and yet there's Niagara boomin' away fresh as ever.

"HE used to prove by the way the water had worn away the rocks that the world was at least fourteen thousand years old. A long spell, but folks tell me it ain't nothin' to what is bein' estimated now.

"Makes men seem pretty small, don't it? God seems to wipe 'em out as careless like as if he were cleanin' a slate. How could He care and do that? It made such a mite of a man no bettern' a fly. That's what bothered Mr. Lincoln. I know how he felt. That's the way it hit me when I first began to understand all the stars were worlds like ours. What I couldn't see and can't now is how we can be so blame sure ours is the only world with men on. And if they're others and they're wiped out regular like ours, well, it knocked me all of a heap at first, 'peared to me mighty unlikely that God knew anything about me.

"I expect Mr. Lincoln felt something like that when he studied how old the world was and how one set of ruins was piled on top of another.

"Then there was another thing. Lots of those old cities and old nations weren't Christian at all, and yet accordin' to the ruins it looked as if the people was just as happy, knew just as much, had just as good laws as any Christian nation now, some of them a blamed sight better. Now how was a boy like Lincoln going to handle a problem like that? Well I guess for a time he handled it like the man who wrote about the 'Ruins.' Never seemed queer to me he should have written a free-thinkin' book after that kind of readin'. I reckon he had to write something to get his head clear. Allus had to have things clear.

"You know that story, of course, about that book. First time I ever heard it was back in 1846 when him and Elder Cartwright was runnin' for Congress. You know about Cartwright? Well, sir, he made his campaign against Lincoln in '46, not on politics at all—made it on chargin' him with bein' an

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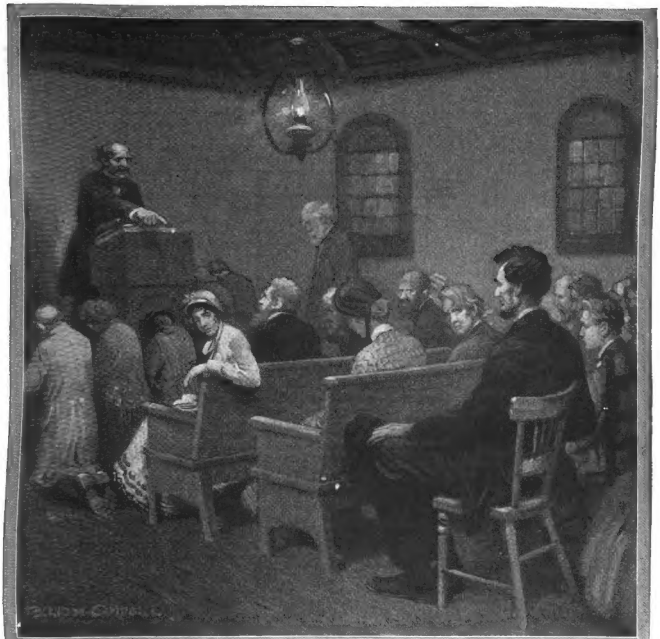

"'Where be you going? Mr. Lincoln?' he shouted.——Mr. Lincoln rose up and said quiet like 'I'm goin' to Congress'"

infidel because he wa'n't a church member and because he said Mr. Lincoln had written a free thought book when he was a boy. He kept it up, until along in the winter Mr. Lincoln shut him up good. He'd gone down to where Cartwright lived to make a political speech and some of us went along. Cartwright was runnin' a revival, and long in the evening before startin' home we went in and set in the back of the church. When it came time to ask sinners to come forward, the elder got pretty excited. 'Where be you goin'?' he shouted. 'To Hell if you don't repent and come to this altar.' At last he began to call on Mr. Lincoln to come forward. Well, you know nobody likes to be called out like that right in meetin'. Mr. Lincoln didn't budge, just set there. The elder he kept it up. Finally he shouted, 'If Mr. Lincoln ain't goin' to repent and go to Heaven, where is he goin'?' Intimatin' I suppose, that he was headed for Hell. 'Where be you goin, Mr. Lincoln?' he shouted.

"Well, sir, at that Mr. Lincoln rose up and said quiet like—

"'I'm goin' to Congress.'

"For a minute you could have heard a pin drop and then—well, I just snorted—couldn't help it. Ma was awful ashamed when I told her, said I oughtin' to done it—right in meetin', but I couldn't help it—just set there and shook and shook. The elder didn't made any more observations to Mr. Lincoln that trip.

"Goin' home I said, 'Mr. Lincoln, you just served the elder right, shut him up, and I guess you're right; you be goin' to Congress.'

"'Well Billy,' he said, smiling and lookin' serious, 'I've made up my mind that Brother Cartwright isn't goin' to make the religion of Jesus Christ a political issue in this district if I can help it.'

"Some of the elder's friends pretended to think Mr. Lincoln was mockin' at the Christian religion when he answered back like that. Not a bit. He was protectin' it according to my way of thinkin'.

"I reckon I understand him a little because I'm more or less that way myself—can't help seein' things funny. I've done a lot of things Ma says people misunderstand. A while back comin' back from New York I did somethin' I expect some people would have called mockin' at religion. Mr. Lincoln wouldn't.

"You see I'd been down to buy drugs and comin' home I was readin' the Bible in the morning in my seat in the sleepin' car. Allus read a chapter every mornin'. Ma got me in the way of it,

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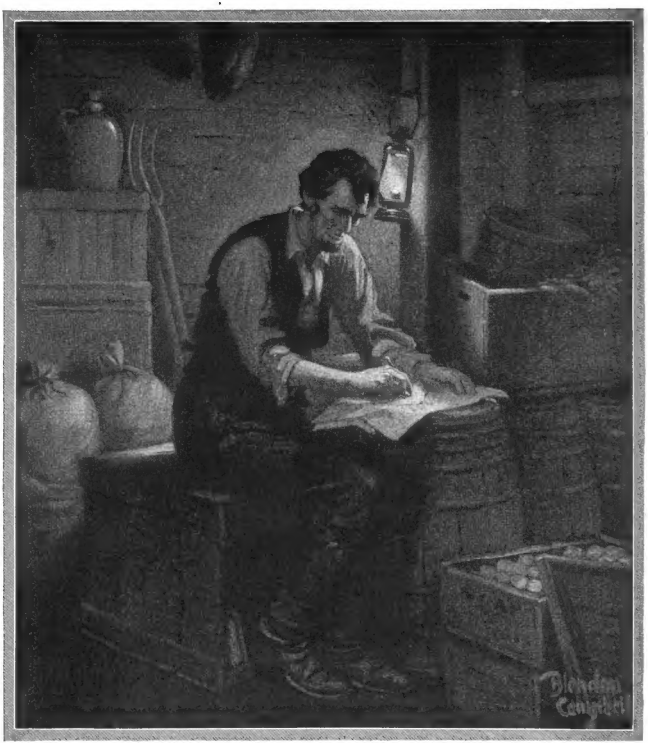

Wrestling to find the truth. He couldn't let a thing alone until he bounded it North, South, East and West

and I like it—does me good—keeps me from burstin' out at somebody when I get mad, that is, it does for the most part.

"Well, as I was sayin', I was readin' my chapter, and I reckon mebbe I was readin' out loud when I looked up and see the porter lookin' at me and kinda snickerin'.

"'See here, boy,' I says, 'you smilin' at the Bible? Well you set down there.' 'Set down,' I says. I'm a pretty stout man as you can see, weigh 200, and I reckon I can throw most men my size. Why I've wrestled with Mr. Lincoln, yes sir, wrestled with Abraham Lincoln, right out there in that alley You see I ain't used to bein' disobeyed. And that negro knew it, and he just dropped.

"'Boy,' I says, 'I'm goin' to read you a chapter out of this Bible, and you're goin' to listen.' And I did it. 'Now,' I says, 'down with you on your knees, we're goin' to have prayers.' Well, sir, you never seen such a scared darky. Down he went, and down I went, and I prayed out loud for that porter's soul and before I was through he was sayin' 'Amen.'

"Of course, the passengers began to take notice, and about the time I was done along came the conductor, and he lit into me and said he wasn't goin' to have any such performances in his car.

"Well, you can better guess that gave me a text. He'd a man in that car fillin' himself up with liquor half the night, just plain drunk and disorderly. 'I ain't heard you makin' any loud objections to the drinkin' goin' on in this car,' I says. 'If that don't disturb the peace, prayin' won't.' And two or three passengers just chimed right in and said, 'That's so. Do us all good if we had more prayin' and less drinkin'. Fact was, I was quite pop'lar the rest of that trip.

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"Now I reckon some would a' been shocked by what I done. Ma' said when I told her, 'Now you know, William, it wasn't that porter's soul you was interested in half as much as gettin' a little fun out of him.' Well, mebbe so. I won't deny there was some mischief in it. But it wouldn't have shocked Mr. Lincoln. He'd understood. Seems a pity I can't tell him about that. He'd enjoyed it.

"Well to go back to Cartwright and the free thought book he said Lincoln wrote when he was a boy. The elder didn't pretend he'd seen the book, said the reason he hadn't was that it was never printed, only written, and that not many people ever did see it because Sam Hill the storekeeper down to New Salem thinkin' it might hurt Lincoln had snatched it away and thrown it into the stove and burnt it up. Now what do you think of that?

"Well, Cartwright didn't get elected —got beaten—beaten bad and nobody around here ever talked about that book when Mr. Lincoln was runnin' for President that I heard of. It was after he was dead that somebody raked up that story again and printed it. It never made much difference to me. I allus thought it likely he did write something along the lines he'd been readin' after. But sakes alive, you ought to seen the fur fly out here. All the church people riz right up and proved it wa'n't so; and those that didn't profess lit in and proved it was so. They got all the old inhabitants of Sangamon County who knew Mr. Lincoln to writin' letters. Lot of them published in the papers.

ONE of the most interestin' accordin' to my way of thinkin' was a letter that came out from Mentor Graham, Lincoln's old schoolmaster. I don't remember it exact, but near as I can recall he said Lincoln asked him one day when he was livin' at his house going to school what he thought about the anger of the Lord, and then he went on to say that he had written something along that line and wished Mr. Graham would read it. Well sir, Mr. Graham wrote in that letter that this thing Lincoln wrote proved God was too good to destroy the people he'd made, and that all the misery Adam brought on us by his sin had been wiped out by the atonement of Christ. Now mind, that was a honest man writin' that letter, a man who'd been Lincoln's friend from the start. To be sure it was some time after the event—pretty near 40 years and I must say I always suspicion a man's remembering anything very exact after 40 years. But one thing is sure, Mentor Graham knew Lincoln in those days, and that's more than most of them that was arguin' this thing did.

"Always seemed to me about as reliable testimony as anybody offered. I contended that most likely Lincoln did write just what Mentor Graham said he did, and that the brethern thought it was dangerous doctrine to make out God was that good, and so they called him an infidel. Nothin' riled those old fellows religiously like tryin' to make out God didn't damn everybody that didn't believe according to the way they read the Scriptures. Seemed to hate to think about Mr. Lincoln's God. I almost felt sometimes as if they'd rather a man would say there wa'n't no God than to make him out a God of Mercy.

"But sakes alive, Mentor Graham's letter didn't settle it. The boys used to get to rowin' about it in here sometimes around the stove until I could hardly keep track of my prescriptions. The funniest thing you ever heard was one night when they were at it and an old fellow who used to live in New Salem dropped in, so they put it up to him, said he lived in New Salem in '33, said he knew Lincoln. Wanted to know if he ever heard of his writin' a book that Sam Hill burned up in the stove in his store. The old fellow listened all through without sayin' a word, and when they was finished he said, solemn like, 'Wa'n't no stove. Sam Hill never had one. Couldn't have happened.'

"Well, sir, you ought to seen their jaws drop. Just set starin' at him and I thought I die a laffin' to see 'em collapse. I wish Mr. Lincoln could have heard that old fellow, 'Wan't no stove.' How he'd enjoyed that—'Wa'n't no stove.'

"But for all that I never regarded that witness over high. Of course Sam Hill must have had a stove, otherwise there wouldn't have been a place for folks to set around.

"It ain't important to my mind what was in that book. What's important is that Abraham Lincoln was wrestlin' in those days to find out the truth, wa'n't content like I was to settle down smotherin' any reservations that I might a' had. He never did that, grappled hard with everything touchin' religion that came up no matter which side it was. He never shirked the church if he wa'n't a member, went regular, used to go to revivals and camp meetings too in those days when he was readin' the 'Ruins.' Most of the boys who didn't profess went to camp meetings for deviltry—hang around on the edges—playin' tricks—teasin' the girls—sometimes gettin' into regular fights. Mr. Lincoln never joined into any horse play like that. He took it solemn. I reckon he wouldn't ever hesitated a minute to go forward and ask prayers if he'd really believed that was the way for him to find God. He knew it wa'n't. The God he was searchin' for wa'n't the kind they was preaching. He was tryin' to find one that he could reconcile with what he was findin' out about the world—its ruins—its misery. Clear as day to me that that was what he was after from the start—some kind of plan in things that he could agree to.

HE certainly did have a lot to discourage him—worst was when he lost his sweetheart. I've allus figured it out that if Ann Rutledge had lived and married him he'd been a different man —leastwise he'd been happier. We might have even got converted and jined the church, like I did after I courted Ma. A good woman sort of carries a man along when he loves her. It's a mighty sight easier to believe in the goodness of the Lord and the happiness of man when you're in love like I've allus been, and like he was with that girl.

"There was no doubt she was a fine girl—no doubt he loved her. When she died he was all broke up for days. I've heard his old friends tell how he give up workin' and readin'—wandered off into the fields talkin' to himself. Seemed as if he couldn't bear to think of her covered over with snow—beatin' on by rain—wastin' away—eatin' by worms. I tell you he was the kind that saw it all as it was. That's the hard part of bein' so honest you see things just as they are—don't pretend things are different—just as they are. He couldn't get over it. I believe it's the Lord's mercy he didn't kill himself those days. Everybody thought he was goin' crazy, but I rather think myself he was wrestlin' with himself, tryin' to make himself live. Men like him want to die pretty often. I reckon he must have cried out many a night like Job did. 'What is mine end that I should prolong my life? My soul chooseth strangling and death rather than life. I loathe it. I would not live alway'.

HE pulled out, of course, but ne never got over havin' spells of terrible gloom. I expect there was always a good many nights up to the end when he wondered if life was worth keepin.' Black moods 'd take him and he'd go days not hardly speakin' to people—come in here—set by the stove—not sayin' a word—get up—go out—hardly noticin' you. Boys understood, used to say 'Mr. Lincoln's got the blues.'

"Curious how quick things changed with him. He'd be settin' here, laffin' and jokin' tellin' stories and somebody drop some little thing, nobody else would think about, and suddent his eyes would go sad and his face broodin' and he'd stop talkin' or like as not get up and go out. I don't mean to say this happened often. Of course that wa'n't so, as I've told you no end of times, he was the best company that ever was—the fullest of stories and jokes, and nobody could talk serious like him. You could listen forever when he'd get to arguin', but spite of all that you knew somehow he was a lonely man who had to fight hard to keep up his feelin' that life was worth goin' on with. Gave you queer feelin' about him—you knew he was different from the others, and it kept you from bein' over-familiar.

"There was a man in here the other day I hadn't seen for years—used to be a conductor between here and Chicago—knew Lincoln well. It tickled him to death to have me set him in that chair you're in—looked it all over, said it seemed as if he could just see Mr. Lincoln settin' there. Well he got to talkin' about all the big bugs that used to travel with him, Little Dug, Judge Davis, Logan, Sweet, Welden, and all the rest; and he said something about Mr. Lincoln (*Continued on Page 66*)

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THINE IS THE GLORY

From the Painting by F. Luis Mora

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THINE IS THE GLORY

By Herbert S. Gorman

WITH face lifted and devout eyes refracting the glittering light of sunlit skies she appears like a slender poised flame. Sulphurous clouds, smitten into a smouldering glow by the diminishing blaze of battle, are the background from which she emerges. Behind her head exquisitely suggesting a halo, is a rift of dark turquoise-blue sky.

Half concealed by the luminosity of her garment kneels the soldier, a typification of gratitude, of adoration for what she has accomplished. He, most of all, knows the dark ways wherein she has travelled. He, most of all, is aware of the immortal radiancy that lightens her face. She is American womanhood rarefied by the travail she has suffered. The Madonna of the ages, she stands poised above the battle, appearing almost to soar from the darkness beneath her.

The source of the artist's inspiration for this figure is unique, for it is a curious mingling of science and art. The face of the woman in the painting, which is to be presented by the War Department to the Red Cross Headquarters in Washington, is not the sheer vision of F. Luis Mora, who set it down in pigments. It is the face of more than a thousand American women who served in France during the war with various Red Cross units, or else devoted their time on this side of the ocean to strenuous labor for the country. It is an approximation as close as science will permit of the typical face of the American woman. Here the art of photography indubitably assisted the great art of painting. From the composite photographs taken and developed by Major Joseph Gray Kitchell, formerly of the General Staff, F. Luis Mora found his ideal face.

There is no suggestion of science in the canvas, however. It is all art. Behind the more obvious attractiveness of the painting as a symphony in deliciously co-ordinated colors, an exquisite affirmation of American womanhood and an unobtrusive declaration of all that she stands for in the hearts of the men who knew her, is a deeper note, a subjective message that steadily grows on the beholder.

This woman in luminous white standing with uplifted eyes is plainly the eternal womanhood of the world travelling her starry way through the smoky clouds of the earth to the heaven of victory. She is love incarnate, a love beyond the mere power of words, a love of service and sacrifice.

In the glorified figure there is a sense of power and resolution and at the same time a suggestion of the weary journey she has made on her uncompromising way. The face of the soldier kneeling so humbly beside her is raised in thankful devotion but she seems not to observe this tribute of what to her is the undeserved need of praise. Her fervent face is turned upward with the desire to return all thanks to God who has made the victory, wherein she played no small part, a thing of reality. It is as if she did not understand the praise of the soldier. Her path has been plain to her from the first, a path of duty inexorably calling to her. She could travel no other; no other was possible. The power that carried her on has been part of her, blood of her blood and heart of her heart. She gives her thanks simply to God who lost not sight of her in the smoke of battle or suffered her mighty cause to be trampled down by the ironclad hosts of darkness. As the Aphrodite Anadyomene of Apelles stood for all that was best or most beautiful in Grecian womanhood, so she unconsciously stands for America. Spiritually complete, cognizant of Life's greater meaning, she raises her face to heaven.

It is absorbing to observe the methods by which the artist received his inspiration for this face. The scheme of an idealistic painting which should receive its inspiration and attributes from a composite photograph was originally the conception of Major Joseph Gray Kitchell. As long ago as 1900 he had worked out the idea to a successful conclusion in the Kitchell-Daingerfield Composite Madonna. The face of this Madonna was painted by the late Eliot Daingerfield directly from a composite photograph of 271 paintings of the Madonna by various famous artists of all periods and all nations. Major Kitchell, who is an expert photographer and the inventor of a new method of reproducing pictures known as Sub-Chromatic Art, evolved the motif of "Thine is the Glory" while in the Morale Branch of the General Staff and developed it more fully immediately after his discharge from America's fighting forces. At lunch one day in his club he communicated the idea to F.

WHY DOES he kneel and pray
Here at my weary side?
Surely I knew the way
Over the world descried,
Where I should take my path
Through all the grief and wrath.

Rising at dawn I went
Steadfast beside my men
Into the banishment
Of darkened days and then—
Left not my very own
Struggling alone, alone.

Wounded hands lifted high
Clutched at the peace I brought:
They who were proud to die
Live in my lightest thought.
Out of the darkness rise
Always their laughing eyes.

Single the path I trod,
Knowing it for my own;
Thine is the glory, God!
Calling me to Thy Throne . . .
Why does he kneel and pray?
Always I knew the way.

HERBERT S. GORMAN.

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All photographs copyright, 1919, by Joseph Clark Kitchell

Luis Mora, the artist, and revealed his inner vision so clearly that Mr Mora caught the enthusiasm and idealistic values of the proposed painting completely. Major Kitchell also enlisted the co-operation of the Red Cross Headquarters and the War Department. It was the united efforts of all these agencies that culminated in the complete realization of the idea.

Extremely interesting also, are the methods by which Major Kitchell secured the composite photograph that represented so perfectly the type of American womanhood engaged in war work. But it is also difficult to describe this method without allowing peculiar scientific terms, that might obscure the meaning to the general reader, to creep in. The effort naturally required the combined labors of both scientist and artist. It would seem on a superficial examination to be almost impossible to accurately and satisfactorily blend into one comprehensible image the varying facial characteristics of a thousand or more different women ranging from maidenhood to ripe age. Not that it might not be done after a semi-satisfactory fashion by any master-photographer by merely piling up on one plate the successive registrations of photographs reduced or enlarged to a uniform scale. But when the salts of silver, which coat the surface of the registering plate had been decomposed by development, the resulting image, if indeed, it were an image at all, would probably be meaningless. The chances are that its outline and features would be extremely vague and uncertain. Major Kitchell who was one of the first to experiment and specialize in this branch of scientific photography, had ideas of his own, however, on new methods of exposing the sensitized plates and the result proves him eminently successful.

It was in the first days of September, 1919, that he began active work on making his plate. After being assured of the co-operation of the Red Cross headquarters at Washington his first problem was to secure photographs Dr. Stockton Axson, National Secretary of the Red Cross, issued a circular letter to division managers over the country, who, in turn, wrote to all chapter chairmen. The pictures began to pour in, big and little, gray-toned, sepia-toned and in black and white. With the receipt of the first groups Major Kitchell started on his long task. First of all a special studio was built in New Jersey which was thoroughly adapted to the work. This studio was laid out on the most absolute mathematical lines and equipped with all sorts of levels, perpendiculars, scientific instruments, lenses of all qualities, various styles of cameras ranging from the largest to the smallest. A number of instruments for the enlarging and diminishing of portraits were installed. Hair lines were carefully drawn on ground glass plates through which the faces could be centered. With the aid of orthochromatized plates, and plane platforms on which, with the help of the ground glass, orbital, nasal and labial lines were forced into correct registration, Major Kitchell was prepared to photograph. A special meter was even installed in order to test the light so that exposures could be made absolutely the same throughout the varying hues of the day.

Major Kitchell then began to classify

The composite photograph above was composed of about one hundred representatives in the canteen, camp and hospital service of the Red Cross organization. The lower photograph is made up of ambulance, motor corps and volunteer workers

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his pictures into groups. There were four major groups and the faces classified under them were oval, round, hollow-cheeked and irregular. Long study of physiognomy made it a simple matter for him to judge the various pictures and assign each one to its proper group. After the portraits had been sorted he selected one group and ranged up the proper lens through which to photograph them. Merely as an example of his method let us arbitrarily take the number twenty-five as a unit. It takes twenty-five seconds for a full and adequate exposure under a certain light. If there were twenty-five pictures in the group being treated Major Kitchell would take them and allow a one-second exposure on each photograph. Carefully centering the first one he would expose the plate to it for just one second. Then taking a second picture he would see to it that it was carefully placed so that it would register absolutely the same on the plate, nose, ears, eyes and chin being meticulously centered. Then the plate would be exposed to that picture for one second. And so on through the twenty-five pictures until the twenty-five seconds, the time for a complete exposure, had been approximated. So the image would pile up and pile up, imperceptibly at first, until a complete one had been registered on the plate. The negative of this plate would be put away and another group of pictures put through the same process. After all the individual pictures had been photographed a number of integral negatives was the result. These in turn were sorted into groups of similar characteristics and registered in the same way. After months of this laborious work, in which Major Kitchell candidly states that he was completely fagged out, he had four or five composite pictures, each one the combination of hundreds of women's faces. Negatives from these four or five plates were photographed on one plate and the result was the completed face, a composite that expressed most poignantly American womanhood, a face that is to be remembered for long by those who see it.

It was when Major Kitchell was in the final stages of his experiment that the work of F. Luis Mora entered. The result has shown that no better selection than Mr. Mora could have been made. He was afire with the idea from the start and bent all his endeavors toward a careful portrayal of the characteristics of the ideal face. Time after time he had to change the features of his painting when new compositive negatives reached him. An imperceptible touch here, the slightest lifting of a cheekbone, the subtlest touch about the eyes—he was indefatigable in his search for the supremely representative American face.

It is an interesting fact to note that the faces of hundreds of women are included in this typical face unknown to themselves. There is also there, idealized for all time, the features of women who died in France while on the great adventure. Jane A. Delano is there. So is Clara Barton, out of whose dream was fashioned the Red Cross organization. Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Mrs. August Belmont, the wife of Vice-President Marshall, all are there, combined with the unheralded nurses, the canteen-workers, the drivers of motor cars. Youth and age, the living and the dead, mingle in this face that is upturned to heaven.

The work that went into this painting was enormous but the fact that we know how it was obtained does not lessen the spiritual values that it possesses. Rather does it strengthen them. There could be no better message to America from the womanhood of this country than to have this painting sent to all the principal cities. It bears its own eloquent message; it leaves us rather silent with certain realizations that, perhaps, have not touched us so nearly and so acutely heretofore.

The words of a woman who stood for a long time before the painting while it was on exhibition give some measure of its appeal. She was not a young woman. The tears were falling down her cheeks. Putting her hand to her breast she exclaimed, "It impresses me so here! I see myself in it. I see the mothers of soldiers. I worked for two years in France and I know so well, so well."

Perhaps, however, its appeal will be forever greatest with those men who went to France. For them, the face will hold the magic power of awakened memories. The mud of Clermont and St. Menehould, the canteen resthouse with its steaming chocolate, its roaring fire and, behind the rough boards, the face of an American girl! The bombed railway station at Chalons, the emergency hospital below Chateau Thierry, the long wards in the big building at Auteuil—and the faces of American girls!

All the blessed sweetness of those faces from home encountered in Paris streets, or small French towns, along the docks at Brest or by the blue swept shore of the Mediterranean at Cannes or Nice, the bands playing, the children staring and, along the promenades, an army playing at being home.

The spirit and brave kindness of women, sitting at home in workrooms, putting their heart and soul into the bandages before them, lest one boy in agony might suffer needlessly; the faces of smiling girls in the railway canteens from Oregon to New York, unshed tears mingling with the cheerful goodbyes as the train pulls out; the patient, endless kindness of hollow-eyed nurses in stretching canvas wards in the autumn nights of France; all this, and more, will lie in the appeal of this painting to those men who have already graven on their hearts its meaning and need only to glimpse it to catch the whole.

There are few people in America, indeed, to whom this face will not bring a message which words may never express, but the realization of which will persist as long as life itself lasts—the vision and glory of the war captured in the face of a woman and placed upon the canvas by the artistic genius of man.

As a mere painting, it represents art of a very high order, and it is to be hoped that every community in America will have an opportunity in time, to see the painting itself and realize the delicacy and power of its coloring—a thing no words can convey. Its recent exhibition at the home of Vincent Astor in New York City, and the interest displayed in such a project holds out a fair promise that the hope will materialize.

Photographs of about 200 chairwomen, organizers, secretaries and other executives with a few from the field nursing service were used to make up this composite photograph

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A Children's Chorus in Southport, North Carolina, led by a boy. Daily the band stand and Choral House ring with song

HAPPY, THOUGH THE FAMILY NUMBERS 1500

By John R. Colter

"SHE must be a cousin of mine. I reckon. But there's *slews* of folks in this town I don't know."

The speaker was Susan Bray, nineteen, lovely and intelligent; the town had been her home all her life. Some one had told her that there was *another* Susan Bray in town—a girl of exactly the same name. The population of the town was fifteen hundred, two-thirds white.

You might think that a community so isolated as to be visited by a single train a day would have learned in the course of its century and a half existence to become socially self-nourishing. But this town had not. Though sixty per cent. of its white citizens were members of some five or six families which had been there for generations, there were not a few Susan Brays who did not know their own relatives living a few rods off. Religious denominations did not mingle There were social circles whose members never met. There was no neighborliness to the town no spirit to get together.

The town is Southport, North Carolina; the time, two years ago Legally Southport is a city, but actually it is a fine old town typical of the South. It lies on the Atlantic coast thirty miles south of Wilmington, on a beautiful elevated point of land overlooking the Cape Fear River's wedding with the sea. There are lovely grassy lanes (called streets) running between mighty live-oaks and merging in a magnificent commons or public lawn which is itself hemmed in by the giants which show green the year around. At dusk, when Southport is at supper, when the commons and its great sentinels are alone in their beauty, you would not marvel at all to see a Druid of old step forth from the heart of one of the great trees and lift his bearded face to worship. For it is the calmest, most reverent spot in the world. Folks sit on the porches of their old colonial homes and listen to sounds no more disturbing than the low of cattle grazing in a nearby yard and the gentle moan of the whistling buoy far out in the river channel "God did a lot for the town," every one tells you

The trouble was that the people of Southport did little to keep the town and the town life beautiful as was intended. It is a fault of a good many thousand towns of its size in the South —yes, and also in the North and West. Before the war there was no community spirit in Southport. The perfect plaza of green lawn and shade trees, which would have inspired the Ben Greet Players to the highest mounts of art, was put to no use. The people even tore up their letters at the post-office and crumpled their cracker bags at the grocery and let the sea-breeze speckle the community's great asset with waste. Moreover, they said "Good enough!" to the old schoolhouse in the center of the town, though its bottom showed an ugly gap where it was propped from earth and it never occurred to them to beautify their town by putting a hedge around this scar. Nor yellow jessamine round the telegraph poles, which would have been a fine touch Nor a great mast-like Carolina pine for a flagstaff to float the flag over the commons. Nor Chautauquas. These things and public dances, amateur theatricals, community sings, adequate

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library facilities and general public sociables, for instance, never came to pass in Southport. Therefore the town did not know itself, and incidentally its children did not know how to play games and get fun out of them—which boded ill for the next generation.

It was the war that galvanized Southport to action. Through serving others the town found itself. Emerging from its experience as a war camp community it stands to-day a dramatic example of contrast to its former social bankruptcy—stands, I might even venture, an inspiring model of social progress for our thousand other American towns of like size which know not the community spirit, know not neighborliness.

Soon after the fort near Southport began to bristle new guns and extra complements of men, the town had partially awakened to its new responsibilities. The Masons gave their splendid clubhouse and started a fund. The fathers of the town scraped, managed and struggled until a large purse had been raised. The women joined hands in a hundred ways and established a marvelous system of hospitality to the visiting soldiers. In brief, this small town—by no means well-to-do, for there is not, for instance, a man there worth fifty thousand dollars—took up its burden as every other American town would have done. During the war there was a royal welcome and homelike cheer for every service man who set foot in Southport. When you consider that the number of soldiers at the fort was almost twice the population of the town, and that there was no other city within three hours ride, you may realize the size of Southport's task. Indeed, it finally got to be so large that the aid of the War Camp Community Service, operating nationally under War Department supervision, was called in. More money was thus supplied and trained direction experts sent to serve the town and soldiers.

Observe the proverbial truth of happiness attained through making others happy. Southport's splendid Army & Navy Club became, overnight, the most attractive spot in town. The canteen, the library, the huge fireplace, the bandstand, the phonographs—all are community trysting-places. From the start the club was the center of the town's life. It seemed as if folks were just then beginning to be able to satisfy a great social hunger which had been gnawing at them for years. And so they came "to entertain the soldiers"—in rompers, on canes, and all ages between—but they remained *to know each other*.

What a shame, you say, that it had to stop with the signing of the Armistice! Did the Masons take back their building? Club sell its phonographs? Southport slump back——

Farthest from the truth. Southport's story is just beginning. The clubhouse is to-day a community house so dear to the town that I wager they would rather give up electricity and go back to oil lamps than abandon this institution which has brought such riches to its social coffers.

I saw this town seven months after the signing of the Armistice. As I entered the colonial-pillared portico of the community house a group of boys were borrowing tennis nets and baseball gloves from the director's office. Somehow or other tennis courts had sprung up in this town which had never known them before. Inside the hallway, huddled around a gleaming new drinking fountain, was another crowd of boys—younger ones, who seemed to like to drink out of it, as from a novelty, for they had run over from school to do it. In the main hall young girls were playing the big phonograph—opera as much as one-steps. From the auditorium a chorus of children's voices were coming through the rye, very sweetly too, as they rehearsed "for the first time on a real stage, sir!" And upstairs in the public library room, where they have every good magazine in the country, if you please, a dozen older boys and girls were reading. The whole of young Southport must have walked bodily to the community house straight from school, I thought; and so it proved. For several hours we sat and watched the continued drift of young people playing, singing, borrowing boxing gloves, rackets, basketballs—all of which novelties were dispensed free by the director.

The point, of course, is that those boys never boxed two years ago—nor played tennis nor even the more common games which your city boy is brought up on. It is true, and it is true of hundreds of small communities. The point is that as sportsmanship will come from the use of community athletic equipment so the appreciation of music will result from the big phonograph in the community house, which *anybody* can go in and start going at any time. The point is that the community house is a great social and educational force in the town, the like of which was never dreamed of by Southport parents.

And the parents themselves—what it has meant to them! Whereas people traveled in cliques before, they now mingle at community house affairs without regard to denomination, lodge affiliation,

(Cont'd on Page 73)

GEORGE WASHINGTON

GEORGE WASHINGTON is the Father of His Country, the founder of this Republic. On his birthday we will hang out our flag. He gave us that flag. We will cheer for ourselves as a free and independent people. He made us a free and independent people.

We will make merry. We will sing songs and make patriotic speeches. We will proclaim that we are a bigger and a better America than ever before. We will mean every word of it.

And then we will forget George Washington and see only the America that is confused and noisy and restless. We will feel discouraged because the workers and the political agitators, the slackers and the patriots, the reformers and the stubborn sinners are struggling against each other, marching up and down the land, beating their drums and bellowing their discontent.

The calm, serene face of the Father of His Country looks down upon us. Years of stress and strife passed over that noble countenance and left it bearing the expression of a fine dignity, a sure strength, a sense of peace.

It seems to say, "All this I have seen. All this I have survived. It is as nothing. Put your trust in God. Face the truth. Do your duty."

In the old days we faced dissension among ourselves; we struggled with the hosts of labor; the creeds of the doctors, the selfishness of the oppressor and the weakness of the oppressed.

We accepted the truth. We did our duty. On that basis we built the United States of America. Then came strength and peace. We wrote it large upon the face of the Nation lest you lose your way: "In Union is Strength."

We will remember. We will sing our songs and make our speeches and renew our faith. We will give a little, each to each, and stand shoulder to shoulder, Americans, brothers, before all the world.

A. P.

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"NONE SO YOUNG"

By Theodocia Pearce

Illustrated by

James Montgomery Flagg

HAVE YOU in your family a daughter or a sister who loves movies and dances and party dresses and beaus, who hates cooking and mending and ironing, who wants above all things to be "free," and yet who somehow is so pretty and sweet and lovable that you all adore her? In this story, Alma Knight, just such a girl, prinks and plays, dines and dashes, until she discovers what she wants to do with life. Last month you had a glimpse of Alma in "None So Old," but here she has a leading part.

MARTHA KNIGHT returned from three happy restful weeks at the beach, a new woman, ready to go back to the old duties and the regular routine of her days, with a zest and joy unknown before her departure. She and her husband, Henry, had found love again.

Their children were a glad and noisy crew when they met them at the station the night they returned home; Bruce, unbridled and unconscious of his hilarity; Bertha, sweet and womanly, as Bertha always was—and Alma. She gave Martha an impulsive generous kiss, and turned without word, to her father.

"Bless me, if you aren't the sight," she exclaimed. "Burnt to a crisp almost. Honest, Dad, you remind me—at least your face does—of some sort of toasted breakfast food."

Martha did not hear Henry's reply, her mind was upon Alma. There was something in that laugh of Alma's, something forced and artificial. Bruce was tugging at her arm.

"Say, Mom, give us pancakes for breakfast to-morrow, will you? I'm just sick for a decent plate of pancakes."

"The way Bruce eats is just terrible, Mamma," Bertha put in, patting out the cover of the baby carriage.

"And the way she feeds us is 'just terrible, Mamma,'" Bruce imitated her to perfection. "Golly! what do you think I had for luncheon yesterday?—that's Bertha's word, not mine. Well, two silver forks, two knives, half a dozen spoons, some awfully swell plates and a lettuce leaf with some juice on it."

"The Rileys were in," Bertha explained.

Bruce ignored her explanation.

"Say, Mom, do I get those pancakes?"

Martha laughed. She could have hugged Bruce tight but she knew that was against boy *morale*. The others were moving on; she followed, Bruce hanging on her arm, his face uplifted, inquiring, whimsical. Swiftly she kissed him—the others did not see. A little swell of happiness surged through her heart. Bruce had not resisted. Almost she expected him to raise his hand and brush the tiny kiss from his cheek. He squeezed her arm—

"Say, Mom, do I get those pancakes?"

"You sure do," Martha's tone was emphatic. Bruce, dear, boyish, irresistible Bruce—always he was the same to Martha. There was nothing about him unknown, elusive. Martha understood Bruce. Simultaneously she thought of Alma and that laugh. Almost an empty echo it was to Martha.

"Wish we had a car to ride home in," Bruce said, then—"Hi there, you Kid!" he darted away after Tots, Bertha's older child, who was veering straight for a mud puddle.

Martha called softly after Alma.

"Want me, Mamma?" she waited until Martha came up and took her arm. "I was just asking Dad all about the time you had."

"It was lovely," Martha's voice was modulated in memory, "Lovely—and how did you get on, Alma?"

"Oh, fine, simply fine. Bertha was awfully dear to us."

"And Bruce—"

"Bruce was just great, Mamma. Honest, I had the surprise of my life over Bruce. He never contradicted me once."

Martha smiled and said nothing. She had the wisdom to let it go at that.

"Anything happen?" Martha asked next.

"Well, no—" Alma considered. "Nothing in particular."

Martha wondered just what had happened to Alma.

They stopped on the curbing of Chester Street waiting for a small stream of autos to pass.

"We really should have a car," Alma insinuated. "Hilda says it makes life worth while."

"Isn't life worth while anyway?" Bertha asked, looking down at the baby. Alma followed her gaze.

"Don't be too serious always, Bertha," she warned. "Of course it is—and an auto helps."

"Glad to be back, Martha?" Henry questioned.

"Oh! yes," Martha smiled into the eyes of Henry—she was not afraid to smile into Henry's eyes now, "Oh! yes, where we are needed is best." She thought of Alma; lovely, radiant Alma, herself re-born.

They walked home through the early evening of September, along the wide tree-bordered streets of the city, Henry and Bertha and her baby, Bruce and Tots on ahead, running and jumping and walking by turns, Martha and Alma in the rear.

"So you have your Fall hat," Martha said approvingly.

Alma tilted her head. "Yes, isn't it the cutest thing, Mamma? All the girls at the office are just crazy about it—and only ten-fifty at Weatherby's."

"Ten-fifty," Martha exclaimed. A funny contortion of velvet, a silk tassel—no more. "Ten-fifty! That was frightfully expensive for an every day hat."

"I'll use it for best for a time," Alma was lenient to Martha's economical inclinations. "It really isn't so much, Mamma. It is new and chic. I really must look nice, you know."

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Yes, Martha knew. It was her pride to have Alma "look nice," to see herself as she might have been and had never dared to be. Alma was so exultant, so girlish.

To Martha, Alma had always been a child, such a gay young creature, with Life ready to give her all she asked. Martha could not picture Life denying anything to Alma.

But that night, after the mild confusion of home coming, the arrival of Buster Middleton, the departure of Bertha and Ed and the babies, Martha came to a startling discovery.

Alma was no longer a child—a gay girl. She was at last—a young woman.

Bruce and Henry had gone for a stroll.

"Just a couple of blocks, Pop," Bruce had pleaded, and Martha watching them off smiled happily. The father and son combination—how it pleased her.

She left Alma and Buster chatting on the veranda and went up stairs to put clean sheets on Henry's bed. She stepped out on the balcony to shake out the comforter. How chilly the nights were getting, almost too chilly for pleasure on the veranda. Alma and Buster down below, talking—the voices came up to her—Alma, with her dainty, sheer Georgette blouse—Martha must tell her to get a sweater. She went to the rail and leaned over, the voices coming up to her.

"But I thought, Alma," Buster was speaking. Buster, the fine every-day sort of a boy—the Knights had known and liked him always. "I did hope that you might really care about me some day, care a whole lot, Alma. And now—"

"And now—" Alma repeated, "You are acting terribly foolish, don't you think? You are acting like a little boy who has been slapped and doesn't like it."

"But I hoped you would care some day."

Long silence—then the low tone of Alma.

"I don't care—*yet*. I can't help that, Buster. Why, we are young and I want to be free—oh! for years yet. I want to have a good time first, lots of real fun before I decide to settle down. I can't understand why some girls marry so early, take the first chance that comes along. Why, we can have heaps of fun together, visits and dances and movies and things."

"So now——"

"I don't care—yet."

"Some day, perhaps?"

"Oh I don't know," Alma's voice came up to Martha, annoyed, impatient. "Don't be stupid, Buster. Tell me more about your Harold McCoy."

Martha went back to the bedroom and softly shut the door leading out to the balcony. Then she sat down on Henry's bed, sat down on the clean folded sheets, the comforter held in her arms and reflected.

So it was coming—a time when someone would want Alma, claim her, take her away. She could not belong to them always. And then Martha realized that Alma did not belong to her now. She belonged to herself. Alma belonged to herself! Convulsively Martha caught the comforter close.

"Oh! it comes so quickly," it was a half sob—"It comes so quickly—they grow up. One day so little and needful—the next—they go away."

The memory of her three weeks came back to her and stopped a bleeding wound.

She had Henry.

And Buster—a smile came—why not Buster for Alma? Martha loved Buster, ever since the day as a tiny boy he had upset the ink on their carpet and had come to tell her about it. She had caught him close and wiped his tear stained face, and sent him back to play. She did not mind cleaning the ugly black stain because he had told her. And she had loved him for it.

So why not Buster?

"I don't care—yet—" Martha smiled to herself in the dark—"No, Alma, you don't care—yet. It is so sure, so sure when it comes—that great caring—but one day—"

Why not Buster, clean, strong, splendid?

"Hi, there Mom—you there?" Bruce called out from the hall. "Come on downstairs—Pop's down there—ice-cream for the crowd."

Martha followed him down, went to the kitchen for plates and spoons. Alma and Buster came in from the veranda.

"Where's your sweater?" Martha asked. "That thin blouse——"

"Oh! I wasn't chilly—honest, Mamma. I am used to thin things."

So it was coming—a time when someone would want Alma, claim her, take her away

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"Thin ice—" Bruce suggested and Buster laughed with him. Henry's laugh echoed from the pantry.

"Martha, any cakes left from supper?" he called.

Martha went into the pantry.

"Now, Mamma's drudgery begins anew," Alma said reaching for the paper pail of ice-cream and removing the wrappings.

The fragrance of coffee awakened Martha the next morning. She got up quickly, surprised and amused. How like Henry to hurry down before her to have breakfast ready. She dressed hurriedly and went down to the kitchen

Alma, her lithe young body wrapped in a pink kimona, was bending above the stove. Martha stood immobile upon the threshold. She had not expected to find Alma—Alma who usually came down late, ate a hasty breakfast and hurried away.

"Why, Alma!" Martha gasped.

Alma turned quickly: "Oh, Mamma, you are just fifteen minutes too early. I am not quite ready for you yet."

"But—why?"

Alma shrugged her shoulders—"Don't be surprised, Mamma. I guess I can get breakfast if I want to."

But Martha was surprised. Somehow Alma doing this was the unexpected thing. Had it been Bertha, Martha would have understood. But Alma—Alma made for music and laughter and gay parlors—Alma bending over a cook stove.

"You don't have to do this," Martha moved near, "You don't have to do this, Alma," it was almost a reproof.

"Of course, I don't," the girl turned from the stove to her mother. "Of course, I don't, *but I want to*. Don't you suppose I understand a little about vacations? I know what it is like going back to the office after mine. I'd give a great deal to have someone type the first few letters for me. So why can't I get breakfast the first morning if I want to?"

Martha was filled with a glad gratitude. She tried always to understand Alma and never really could.

"That's—that's dear of you," she said and her voice quivered. Almost she wanted to cry.

"Oh, for pity sakes don't be grateful." Alma took a peek into the coffee pot. "This is nothing, and besides —*I want to*."

That was Alma. When she wanted to—she usually did.

"The toast made?" Martha asked.

"No, it isn't, not yet. You can do that if you really want to help some. Mamma."

Martha laughed.

"It's quite funny being allowed to make toast if I want to."

Henry came in, made straight for Martha and kissed her.

"Up early!" he conceded. "How does it feel being home and getting breakfast again?"

"Alma's doing this," Martha whispered close to his ear and, under his breath, he whistled softly, "She is setting the table in the dining-room."

"Any mail?" It was Henry's regular morning question.

"I haven't looked yet—you do that." Martha carried the plate of bread over to the dining-room door and paused to lay a finger on her lips, "Don't say anything about Alma."

Henry smiled wryly.

"Not much — I won't, Martha."

Martha went on into the dining-room with the bread, sat down at her place at the head of the table beside the electric toaster.

"Bruce up yet?" Alma asked.

Martha half started from her chair.

"I promised him pancakes," she said, "Bless his heart."

"Well, he can just take omelette."

"But I promised."

"Mamma, you promise Bruce far too much," Alma scolded. "Why can't you make some promises to yourself for a change? You ought to, you know."

"I'd never keep them." Martha slid another slice of bread into the toaster, and reached across for the butter. "I'm a great promise breaker."

"You are *not!*" Alma trounced out to the kitchen as Henry came in with the mail. Martha loved the movement and the stir of her family. Henry laid a letter at Alma's place and tossed a blue envelope over to Martha. She paused in her toast-making to tear it open.

"Good gracious," she gasped presently. "Saturday is the afternoon I promised to give the talk to the Mother's Club of the North Street Mission, and I'd clean forgotten." There was shocked dismay in her voice. Henry laughed.

"Plenty of time between now and Saturday."

"Two days," Martha turned quickly at the smell of burning toast. "Two days!"

"What's the trouble?" Alma returned with the coffee

"That Mothers' meeting on Saturday."

"Oh!" with indifference, "I didn't hear about it"

"We promised three months ago," Martha put another slice into the toaster.

Martha's heart filled with pride, bordering on envy, when Alma

"*We* promised?" Alma puzzled.

"You said you would give them a piano solo."

"I said that? But I can't—not Saturday. I am going to the Belmont for dinner with Buster."

"But Alma —"

"Oh, well," the girl pushed the large kimona sleeves, "If you really want me to, I will. I can leave early, surely."

"About five," Martha considered.

"Oh, those frowsy slouching women and squalling babies," Alma made a little gesture of despair, "They drive me crazy. But if you want me. Mamma."

"I want you," Martha said.

"That's settled," Alma went around to her place at the table. "Dad, bring in the omelette, will you?" She saw the letter on her plate and sat down.

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came down dressed for the dance. She searched Buster's face, heard his exclamation of approval: "Great Scott! Alma! where did you come from?"

The sudden flushed smile was not lost to Martha.

She wondered—but Bruce came bounding in.

"Pancakes?"

"Sorry, Bruce! To-morrow, sure. Alma got breakfast this morning."

"Golly! She did!" Bruce sat down hard. "What next? Leadin' a prayer meeting, I betcha."

Alma looked up from her reading. "Don't be funny," she warned.

They settled down to breakfast.

Alma slipped her letter into the envelope with a nicety.

"I've just got to get a new dress now, Mamma. The Canoe Club Dance is to-morrow—Friday night. I am going with Buster. I thought at first my pink one would do," Alma smiled across at Martha. At times Alma had economical tact. "But it won't now. This is over for it—and wants me to save him the supper."

"Who's Harry McCoy?" Henry asked.

"Another Slippery Slim!" This from Bruce.

"Bruce, you've got to keep out of this." Alma turned to her father, "He's a friend of Buster's, Dad. I've only seen him twice, at Lake Carling in July and last Sunday. He's awfully clever, simply stunning. All the girls——"

"Bah!" Bruce cut in. "All the girls—say, they gimme a pain. All the girls!"

Martha laughed silently as she remembered Alma's remark. "I had the surprise of my life over Bruce. He never contradicted me once." And here he was at the old game, making up for lost time.

Henry took out his watch.

"Guess we'll have to hurry, Alma—after eight now."

"Gracious!" Alma lifted her coffee cup and gulped the contents. "And I'm not dressed yet."

Martha went to the front door with Henry when he left a few minutes later for the shop.

"Mind going back?" she inquired.

"Mind being home?" he asked and they both laughed.

Back in the hall she encountered Alma coming down the stairs. Martha's heart swelled with its wonted pride. How trim and sweet and refreshing she was in her dark suit and the ten-fifty head-gear, that sparkle of pleasure in her eyes, that sense of Youth about her sprightly carriage.

She paused at the foot of the stairs pulling on her gloves.

"I am sorry about that dress, Mamma—I didn't really want to pay for a new one, you know, but I must look nice. What color shall it be, Mamma?—I thought a rose one with black trimming perhaps.

And Martha, remembering the funny calico gown of her youth with its rows of black braid, smiled.

"That sounds very well but—not too expensive, Alma."

"I just can't pay much and I just must hustle." She gave Martha a pert little kiss. "I won't be home for lunch to-day," she called back from the veranda, "I'll be shopping."

Martha, from the little hall window, watched Youth depart, then holding Love to her heart, she went back into the dining-room. Bruce was munching the last piece of toast; Martha sat down at Henry's place.

"Bruce—" he started at the directness of her tone, "just between ourselves—what do you think of Alma?"

"Just between ourselves," Bruce tilted back in his chair, "just between ourselves, Mom, I think she is some looker!"

Martha laughed at his frankness, got up and began to clear away the dishes.

Then she went upstairs to make the beds. Alone in Alma's chintz hung room with the ivory toilet pieces on the dresser, its rose-shaded light and tiny desk, Martha seemed looking into the

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heart of Alma. She stooped to straighten the cover on the dresser—how hurried Alma had been that morning—how thoughtful it had been of her to get breakfast—the cover was crooked, jerked in haste, and Martha, bending over to adjust it, looked straight into the eyes of a strange young man.

She picked the photograph up in hands that trembled a little and stared at it intently. It was a clever, handsome face, with a sharp cynical chin and eyes like deep places—the eyes were like deep places to Martha. Across the bottom in a sure bold hand was written—"*To Alma,*

"Always

"Harry."

SHE put the photograph back and stood staring at herself in the mirror, her brow wrinkled, her mouth drawn.

"I've only met him twice, Dad," Alma had said at breakfast.

"I must have a new dress now!" Alma had said that too, and later, "Harry wants me to save him the supper."

The sudden flushed smile when she had picked up the letter, the light joyousness of her voice, the little thoughtful way she had slipped the note back into the envelope, all these things came back to Martha. The duster hung limp in her hands.

Harry McCoy—who was this Harry McCoy? Had he come into the life of Alma to take her away, to claim her love, to leave Martha alone, hopelessly alone, for it came to her, like a shot arrow—how could she go on living without Alma?

And Buster—how could he go on living without Alma? He cared. But Alma did not care; there was this Harry McCoy.

It was hard for Martha to understand, hard because she had never loved anyone but Henry, hard because she had cared so surely right at the first. Here was Alma—that part of herself she had never known, because she had never dared to be all that she was in her dreamings. Alma lived hers—Alma so daring, so defiant, so sure of her individuality. Martha turned from the mirror to the bed. Well, she must work, the common tasks crowded in upon her; lunch to get for Bruce and Henry, more dishes to wash, then dinner—on and on—the common tasks.

And Alma, shopping, buying dancing dresses—laughing, happy Alma!

Early in the afternoon, shortly after four, Alma returned, her eyes sparkling, her mouth—her red, red mouth—so pert and smiling. She carried a pasteboard box.

"Mr. Boyd let me off for the afternoon," she offered somewhat breathlessly, "and I got *it*." She placed the box on the kitchen table with a decided thud—"And Oh, Mamma! it's a dream! Just wait," she pulled off her gloves with quick, nervous jerks and fumbled at the string. A rustle of tissue paper, a soft rose mist, then—a gown shimmering before Martha's eyes. She saw first Alma's beaming face.

"Why, it's beautiful," she whispered almost in a reverence.

Alma gave her plenty of time for inspection, turning the dress slowly from side to side.

"A bargain?" Martha asked and hated herself inwardly for the question.

"Well, no," Alma folded the dress and laid it carefully in the box. "Well—no, Mamma, but I couldn't get a decent thing without paying high—you can't these days, you know. This was fifty dollars."

"Fifty dollars!" Martha exclaimed. "Why, Alma!"

"But, Mamma," Alma protested, "I couldn't get anything decent for less. You know how it was when we bought your things."

Martha knew. But Martha had bought them for Henry. Fifty dollars for Harry McCoy was the cause of Martha's resentment. Fifty dollars for Buster—that would not have mattered. She looked at Alma—the young, happy face—

"It's all right," she replied, "if you want it, Alma."

The girl caught up the box.

"Mamma, you're a darling," she cried, "not to mind so much money. You won't be sorry one bit when you see me in it."

And Martha wasn't. Her heart filled with pride, bordering on envy, when Alma came down dressed for the dance. She searched Buster's pleased face, heard his exclamation of approval.

"Great Scott! Alma! Where did you come from?"

"Boyd's real estate office at five o'clock," Alma answered promptly, and laughed. "Glad you like it, Buster."

"Fifty dollars for Harry McCoy!" Martha thought as she watched them off.

IT WAS early morning when Alma returned. Martha was awakened by the banging of the front door. She got up, slipped into her dressing gown and went into Alma's room. Alma was standing before the mirror in feminine adoration of the rose dress.

"Oh, Mamma," she whispered, "Did that pesky front door waken you? The wind banged it so sudden. I am awfully sorry."

"You needn't be," Martha sat down on the bed. "Tell me all about it now."

Alma came and sat down beside her, spreading out the rose mist skirt with adroit fingers.

"Oh! it was glorious, Mamma—the orchestra was simply splendid and the floor was dandy and the supper—" she paused.

"The supper," Martha suggested and waited.

"I had it with Harry McCoy," she began, "that clever chap, Mamma," she pointed to the dresser. "There's his picture—he gave me that. Isn't he handsome? And talk—say, Mamma, you should just hear him—why, he knows—everything. And dance—oh! he is a wonder. We had four dances together," she ended happily.

"What about Buster?"

"Oh, Buster was nice—as usual." Alma tilted her head. "Awfully decent really. You see Harry is staying until Saturday night now, and he wants to take me out to dinner to-morrow night, so I asked Buster if I could break my engagement with him——"

"Why, Alma——"

"Oh, don't interrupt," Alma went on, "he was perfectly all right about it, just thought a minute and then said as quietly as you please—'Why, yes—if you want to'—so I told him I would go any other night and he didn't even care when Harry asked him for the honor—for the honor, mind you, Mamma—of bringing me home."

"BE careful, Alma," Martha warned, her fingers caressing the rose mist.

"Oh, don't worry about me," there was assurance in the tone. "Buster and I are old pals. And as for Harry—well, I like him. But don't you see, Mamma? I am just having a good time being free, free and happy."

Martha considered a moment.

"Yes," she admitted, "I do see. But get to bed now."

"Get to bed yourself," Alma teased. There was no denying the gaiety of Alma.

Alma was late for breakfast in the morning. She came down peevish and yawning.

"Oh, the morning after the night before," she pouted, "isn't much fun if you work in an office."

"Hump!" Bruce was almost caustic. "What did you go for, any how?"

Alma was silent.

"You remember this afternoon, don't you, Alma?" Martha handed a slice of toast across to Henry.

"How's the two-day lecture, Martha?" he asked.

"Ready," Martha tapped her forehead. "In here. It isn't much really. They are such poor simple souls, like myself. We'll get along all right. You'll be ready at three, won't you, Alma?"

"Oh! those frowsy women and the babies!" Alma shuddered. "I don't see any difference my playing is going to make. They don't know any more about music than——"

"Than you do about cooking," Bruce was exultant.

"I don't see why I have to go, Mamma. Such a waste of time—"

"You don't really have to go, Alma," Martha considered, "but I said——"

"Said I'd go, so now *I will have to!*" Alma turned defiantly to Martha, turned and saw the pained expression on the face she loved. "Oh! Mamma!" she cried, "I didn't mean to hurt you, really. I am an old crab this morning. Why, of course I'll go if you wish it."

Henry looked at them inquiringly. What was the matter with Alma? He asked Martha on the veranda steps ere his departure.

"She is just tired from last night, Henry. Girls will be girls."

Alma went with Martha promptly at three o'clock to the Mothers' Meeting at the North Street Mission. Martha was proud and happy with Alma walking the streets at her side, chic in the neat suit and the stylish hat.

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Suddenly Martha remembered Harry McCoy and some of the happiness departed. Alma was dressed for Harry McCoy not for the Mothers' Meeting.

"I'll go after you give your talk, Mamma," Alma said as they came in sight of the Mission. "I'll play for them first. But I want to hear you talk. What is it about?"

"Courage in the home," Martha said simply.

And Martha spoke simply to those frowsy women with the fretful babies, those souls struggling against the odds of ignorance and poverty, without chance or encouragement in their sordid lives—spoke simply and truly and directly, because she felt herself to be

"I can writing Buster now," her fingers went out to her pen. "I hurt him, Mamma. Oh, I know I hurt him!"

one with them. And Alma listening from the back of the tiny hall felt a glowing wonder in her heart and a lump came into her throat. Near by, a baby cried plaintively. She reached over and took it from the weary-eyed mother, quieting it with the silver shaking of her purse chain. Thus Martha found her with a baby in her arms, the face above the baby one, intent, beautiful.

"Why, Alma!" she gasped, "I thought you had left."

"Isn't she sweet?" Alma chucked the tiny chin playfully. "Just look at the cute dimple, Mamma. The poor mother looked tired and she wanted to listen to you so badly but the baby cried. It was great, Mamma. I felt awfully proud of you."

Alma lingered till after five, talking to the mothers, admiring babies, serving tea. Martha followed her out to the vestibule when she left.

"What made you stay?" she asked.

"Oh, I wanted to." Alma tucked in a stray lock. "Is my hat on nicely Mamma? Oh, I wanted to stay, and besides one funny old woman said to me, 'Mees, we all loff dot Mudder you haf got,' so I just *had* to stay for that." She laughed, kissed Martha and started down the steps. "I'll be back about eight for sure," she called back. "Harry is leaving at nine."

Martha went home happy, to get dinner for Henry and Bruce. Con-

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stantly during the preparations she thought of Alma at the Belmont with that Harry McCoy. Still she was happy.

"Alma must have pleasure," she mused. "All the pleasure she desires. She must be free."

At nine o'clock Martha became uneasy. Alma had not yet returned.

"She said she'd be back at eight," she told Henry.

"Don't you worry about Alma," Henry replied. "She knows pretty well how to take care of herself."

Martha picked up the evening paper and settled down to read but her eyes saw pages of printing blurred together. How slowly the hands of the clock moved—how slow. Every little sound—possibly a step—possibly Alma. Every little sound—she started—

"At ten, Henry went up to bed.

"Kinda tired, Martha," he said and patted her shoulder, "Don't you worry about Alma. She's all right."

"Oh, I'm not worried," Martha forced a laugh, and lifted her face for his good-night kiss. "Oh, I am not worried. Did you get the animal crackers for Tots, Henry?"

"Sure—put 'em in the pantry."

MARTHA listened to Henry's footsteps on the stairs, listened with a silent sob.

Again she looked to the clock—ten-fifteen. The right hand went to her eyes.

"Don't let me doubt her, God!" she pleaded. "Don't let me doubt her—don't—let—me—Alma—Alma——"

Bruce came in and found her.

"Sleep?" he jested. "Say, Mom, there's a bed upstairs."

More forced laughter on the part of Martha.

"Been over to Charley's?" she asked.

"Sure." Then came that hungry glare Martha knew so well. "Anything in the ice-box, Mom?"

"To-morrow's chicken."

"Anything else?"

"Ice."

He grinned. "Gettin' funny, Mom. Say, what do I get? You might as well hand over something sooner or later."

"You get—to bed—" Martha raised her eyes to the clock—ten-twenty-five. Bruce followed her gaze.

"It's a long time till breakfast, Mom! Come on—" he pulled lightly upon her arm, "Come on, now." She rose and followed him to the kitchen.

It was eleven when Martha went up to bed. The stairs—how—how high they were—how tired she was. She gripped the banister and ascended slowly. The railing—the next step—the pattern of the carpet—blurred together before her. A weakness overcame her. Almost she stumbled. She gripped the banister anew and went on—slowly, softly, surely. It would never do to wake Henry. He would see she was heart-sick.

She gained her room, shut herself in and sat down on the bed in the dark.

She wanted to go to Henry and tell him, plead with him to go out—somewhere—anywhere—to the Belmont perhaps—and look for Alma. But Henry would laugh, assure her Alma was all right, tell her not to worry. Henry *believed* in Alma.

"Don't let me doubt her, God?" in the dark the right hand went up to her eyes.

Alma free—free. Always Alma had wanted to be free, always Martha had given her that wish. But this night—this night—

She would tell Henry—she must tell Henry. Alma had said she would be back at eight. And Buster—Buster—she would 'phone him—ask him about Harry McCoy. He was Buster's friend—this Harry McCoy. Buster must know! Buster must have been sure about him—sure—sure—or never would he have let Alma go with him. Buster *must* be sure.

The tension lessened. She thought of Buster—Buster for Alma—

A step on the stairs—light, buoyant—Alma there in the hall—safe—in her room. Sobs choked Martha. She went to the door and opened it—stillness in the hall—restful hush—and a crack of light beneath Alma's door. She wanted to go to Alma—and cry—cry—

Instead she closed the door and began to undress. Unseen forces held her back, unseen forces kept them apart. Alma with youth and pleasure; Martha with naught but Love.

She left the door ajar and crept into bed. But suspense had stayed too long with her, sleep had passed her by. Wakeful, she heard Alma in the hall, saw her go slowly—kimona-clad down the stairs.

Martha sat up in bed waiting, listening. Was it a drink she wanted—something in the ice-box—a mislaid article? Martha strained to hear. No sound—that all pervading hush—long, slow moving minutes of silence.

It was too much. She got up, slipped into her dressing gown and went down the stairs to Alma.

Alma was in the living-room at the little desk and writing. The little desk lamp cast a subdued light upon the bowed head. The rest of the room was in darkness. Martha drew near, cautiously, almost afraid, as one who intruded. Alma looked up quickly, half frightened, dismayed.

"WHY, Mamma!" she exclaimed. "Why aren't you asleep?"

"I couldn't go to sleep. What are you doing?"

"Just a letter, Mamma. I hadn't any ink upstairs. Worried about me, Mamma?" Alma made little blotches of ink on the blotting paper with her poised pen. "You shouldn't really, Mamma."

"Yes," Martha admitted, "I was worried. You said eight, Alma—and that Harry McCoy——"

"He went away," Alma interrupted. "I went to Bertha's."

"Went to Bertha's? Oh, Alma, why didn't you 'phone?"

Alma looked into the face she loved and saw there the pain she had caused. She reached out impulsively and caught Martha's hands.

"Mamma, you didn't think——"

Martha smiled her sudden relief into the shocked, uplifted face.

"No, I didn't think—it's all right," she patted the slim smooth hands in her own. "It's all right, Alma. I was foolish to worry—even a little."

"Sit down, Mamma." Alma motioned to a chair. "I think I want to talk to you—tell you things. I want you to understand me, Mamma. I want you to know something in me is different—since you went away. Sit there, Mamma, and don't turn the light on. It is easier for me to talk to you in the dark. I want to say things, Mamma—real things." Martha obeyed and waited.

"IT'S hard telling things sometimes, Mamma," Alma smiled shyly down at her hands, "even to you. But I want you to understand. It was so funny when you were away, so funny washing out my little things, getting breakfast in the morning, doing what you always did. It made me see just how hard you had to work for us—and I felt sorry for you. You didn't seem to have anything I had—Youth and Pleasure. When I met you at the station—somehow, I couldn't laugh—it didn't seem right for you not to have those things. And I was sorry for you and I think maybe I loved you more when you came back only I couldn't show it."

Something stirred in the deeps of Martha—but she was dumb—something of song—of joy. Perhaps it was lost Youth.

"But I was selfish," Alma went on, "horribly selfish, Mamma. I made up my mind never—well, not for years—to give up my pleasures and my freedom. I wanted to keep them. It seemed as if movies and parties and visits were enough. But now—"

Martha waited immobile, voiceless.

"Harry McCoy," she thought.

"But now," Alma resumed, "it is different. I am changed—all in a day, Mamma. It seems strange the way Life can change for us—so sudden and so sure. It was at the meeting listening to you talk about courage to meet the common task, Mamma. Courage and the common task. One always felt courage was for the great things—but the common task—you said it. And that baby in my arms and the smile of its mother—she was so grateful, Mamma—so grateful—just because I held it. I was glad when Harry left—relieved you know. I didn't want to come home so I went to Bertha's."

" 'I've nothing to do,' I told her—'you and Ed go out for a while to the movies—anywhere—I'll stay with the babies.'

"They were so happy to go, Mamma, so happy to go—it made me ashamed—I should have done that before. And when they left—" A long silence. "And when they left, Mamma, why, it seemed—all at once—that their little home was my own—my little home—and the babies. It was something like a beautiful stained

(*Continued on Page 66*)

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I AMERICANIZE MYSELF

By A. P. Johnson

A. P. JOHNSON is the publisher and editor of the *Grand Rapid News*. He is forty-one years of age, having come here from Sweden as a boy of twelve. He worked at many occupations to get an education. His natural turn for writing won him a job as a reporter while still in school and settled his choice of a profession. After working on newspapers in Minneapolis, Milwaukee and Chicago, as a reporter, editorial writer and advertising man, Mr. Johnson, four or five years ago, realized his ambition and acquired a paper of his own.

His clear independent thinking and vigorous writing have aided many good causes in Grand Rapids and in Michigan. He is a thorough-going American, with a liberal, well-informed mind and a good heart.

THE Editor of the RED CROSS MAGAZINE has asked me to prove up on America. He has asked me to tell in this story what I have found here that is different—different from Europe, from Sweden, where I was born. I am making this explanation to take the curse off the ego, the "I". There is the first difference. Here the individual makes himself, his country. He is the captain of his own ship, the master of his own fate. In Sweden the individual is still the result of circumstances. He occupies a set relation to himself and his state. Here "I" can do anything, achieve, progress and win, so long as "I" remain a part of the American plan and so long as "I" don't forget to take America with me.

It was on a cloudy April forenoon in 1889 that I sat with my parents on the deck of the Cunard liner *Servia*, staring at the outlines of Boston. I thought it was a wonderful city. Since I have been told it is an attitude of mind, a sort of ethical hypnosis, by which it is distinguished from other American cities. Whether it was this state of mind, or the clouds, or the swell of the tide, the cries of the sailors, the strange customs officers and health officials who climbed like squirrels up the rope ladder which had been thrown down the side of the

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ship, one thing I knew—like Saul I felt a new birth coming on. I was twelve. Everything that had crowded itself into my plastic brain moved out as if to make room for America. Would I ever grasp it all? Was there in this strange and wonderful land a chance for me?

Inwardly I was glad we landed in Boston. I had an acquaintance there, the only one in America besides an uncle residing in Minneapolis. That acquaintance was Paul Revere. He was the only hero I had ever worshipped, including Hannibal, Caesar and Charlemagne, who I could not prove was a Swede either by birth or ancestry. I wanted to see his grave. He was my ideal American, the kind of an American I wanted to be if ever I got the chance.

Before I leave Boston, let me discharge a part of my debt to Paul Revere. The first poem I learned to memorize was Longfellow's immortal tribute to Revere. I recited it in school, much to the amusement of teacher and pupils. It so happened that I didn't see Boston again for twenty years. I was then manager of a Chicago daily newspaper. It was a cold February morning and I had an hour before I was due to fill an engagement. For years I had renewed my vow that the first thing I would do when I went to Boston would be to visit Paul Revere's grave. Here was my opportunity.

With a grip in one hand, a suitcase in the other and a business portfolio under my arm, I jumped into a cab and asked the driver to take me at once to Paul Revere's grave. He regarded me with a look that in newspaper parlance might be described as a cross between the Boston *Transcript* and the Denver *Post*. From the number of turns we made I concluded that he was deliberating whether to take me to the cemetery or the jail.

I don't know how long I stood, hat in hand, before the simple little stone that marked the resting place of Revere's mortal remains. I know I recited Longfellow's poem there. I know I thought of the first time I saw Boston, of the ship *Servia*, of the customs officials, the crowds and the clouds. I felt then, perhaps for the first time, the debt I owed to this country. Like a caravan, arriving at its destination, passes before its owner, the years sped through my mind, each with its peculiar significance, each with its lights and shadows, its ups and downs.

When I returned to the cab, the driver regarded me with an increased apprehension. I discovered I was still holding my hat in my hand. He leaned over, as if to speak to me confidentially, and said:

"I wonder, sir, if you know you have frozen both of your ears."

When we arrived in Minneapolis, we settled in the only block in the city where Scandinavians were not in the majority. There were more Swedes there in those days than in Stockholm. They were so thick that some of the retail stores had signs hung out which read "English spoken here." It happened, however, that the particular lumber yard to which my father was attracted was not convenient to the principal Swedish settlement, so we took up our abode in a sort of Rialto of all nations in which was represented, I believe, every race on earth and some which up to that time ethnologists had failed to classify.

I could stand for the ridicule which the children of these peoples showered upon me and could bear the odium of being a "green Swede." I could take the bluffs and blows with good nature, occasionally swinging on the whole crowd at once. What distressed me was my inability to understand the contents of the newspaper which every evening was laid on our porch for the family upstairs. I would sit for hours pouring over the newspaper trying to find the words I knew in Paul Revere's ride and I would go for days basking in the happiness of a kind word spoken in English. What gripped me more than anything else was when some one smiled or said something pleasant that I could not understand.

So, the first thing I found here, was a little of that kindness which strikes hope in the human heart. I found a little of that which the great Red Cross has given to Europe and of which the European in America stands in so great a need. I called it "the American way," and I have never changed the name. I did so much want to understand America.

The first money I earned in America was 50 cents given me for digging up five bushels of evergreens for a Bohemian family on the river flats. This 50 cents I promptly placed in the palm of the young man's hand who delivered the paper to the family upstairs. I couldn't make clear that I wanted to subscribe for it, so I followed him to a nearby grocer where the transaction was put into English. He was a University student and became, next to Paul Revere, my best bet. It was through him that I got a job carrying bundles of papers from a printing press, thus reaching what I believed to be the height of any sane youngster's ambition.

To quote a university professor I met later, "we now enter upon the second period of the metamorphosis." In the American working world I found the most cordial welcome that ever was accorded a human contrivance anywhere. By that I don't mean that I had a cinch on any one job. Quite to the contrary, I received a practical, if not a liberal, education in the variety of undertakings I performed. My first job on the newspaper was of short duration. One day the owner came down into the press room. I didn't know who he was and didn't care. I had orders to keep out strangers. He got in my way several times. In a jargon of Swedish and English I requested him, as politely as I could, to get out. He didn't pay any attention to me and I put him out. After the run was over I was told to go to the cashier where I received an envelope containing what little change I had coming. When I inquired as to the meaning of the munificent inheritance the cashier looked at me in a pathetic sort of way and replied:

"You're fired, you young fool."

Time and time again, it was the same story over. I had more jobs than Kansas, in its balmiest days, ever had grasshoppers. In a single day I carried water to the workers in a sewer, sold lemonade at a circus and picked fiber in a brush factory. I was fired from each one and that evening I got another job keeping up the steam under a boiler in a stone-quarry.

All of these experiences were of inestimable value to me in later years as a reporter, as a manager and employer of men. I was so well acquainted from having been fired out of nearly every institution in Minneapolis that it served me as a stock introduction. But I must tell you how I became a reporter.

My obsession for being around a newspaper never left me. I could never go by the newspaper where I was first employed without a feeling of respect for the intelligence of that cashier. I felt that he was right, and that I had been a fool. No matter where I worked, or how much money I made, the newspaper always loomed up as a standard of comparison.

One day I made up my mind I would try again. ¶ I put up a plea to the foreman of the press room that would have moved the stoniest jury to tears. Upon a solemn promise that I would not attack or maim innocent spectators, more particularly the authorities, I was set to work cleaning rollers. I was happy. I was at home. I cleaned and polished those presses until they sparkled like a cluster of stars. Every week for months I held my breath when the pay envelopes were distributed and I was always polite and obsequious to the cashier. He was an American. Soon he began to smile at me. I learned to understand that wonderful something in the American character that wants to give everybody a chance. He gave me bits of advice, got me started going to an American church and helped me understand more fully American ways. A few years later it was my

YOUR JOB; MY JOB; OUR JOB.

TO CREATE a finer understanding among immigrants of American ideals, standards and aims; here is your big work, you men and women of the Red Cross and you who are engaged in Americanization work."

So saith an immigrant.

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great privilege to employ him in a more responsible position on a newspaper of which I was put in charge.

But my original attraction to a newspaper was not for its machinery, its presses or its ink. It was its contents, its influence and its wonderful educational force. I wanted to write. I hadn't been in America a year before I busted out in the Swedish papers. So, one day I took a piece to the city editor and asked him if he could use it. It was a rather extended report of a Swedish picnic. He looked it over and looked at me and said:

"Yes, I'll use it. Can you write any more like this?"

IN THE overwhelming exhilaration which took possession of both soul and body I must have said yes. I wanted to say that I could furnish copy in any quantities and on any subject known to man. Visions of a job as a reporter were already a reality. I had looked forward to that day with the longing of a saint for paradise. I discovered that a knowledge of English wasn't necessary to a reporter, for I was conscious of my limitations.

The piece appeared. I have always felt that the number of copies of that issue of the paper that I purloined for my own use was nothing short of theft. I sent one to every human being on this earth with whom I had had any dealings, including no small number to those of my employers who at some time or other had fired me.

The next day the city editor came down into the press room asking for more copy. No, I didn't throw him out. I felt an irresistible desire to embrace him. He impressed me with the importance of "early copy," the most oft repeated phrase of newspaper vernacular.

Everything I wrote appeared and I wrote a great deal. Night after night I would sit until the early morning hours grinding out copy for that editor. My stuff was featured. I had a column all to myself, over which the editor inserted the stock phrase "King Oscar In America." They had long called me "King Oscar," which inwardly I considered the highest compliment that could be paid to any one. But the first time it appeared it almost paralyzed me. What if His Majesty should ever see it? My reverence for the King was still something sublime. I mentioned it to the city editor who replied that I ought to write something about it. So I wrote about the King. I wrote anything they asked me to write. One day I left the press room and was given a regular desk among the regular reporters. I have a presentiment that my feelings were akin to those of Jacob when the heavens opened and a delegation of angels invited him in. With all my respect for things spiritual, I would not have swapped my chance for Jake's.

Shortly after I had "moved up" I awakened to the sad truth that I wasn't a reporter at all. I was a joke. I had been writing a funny column and didn't know it. It began to dawn on me that my stuff was a little different. It wasn't Swedish and when I compared it with what the other reporters wrote, it certainly wasn't English. It was an awful blow to my ambitions, my hopes and my pride. I wanted to quit and go back to the press room, where, for a brief moment I thought I belonged.

But here, again, I took the American way. The city editor said:

"No, you stay right here. You've got a good chance and I'll help you."

And he did. He put me on what he called a "simple diet" and made me read Washington Irving's history of the "Life of Columbus," the "Book of Job" and *The New York Sun*. I read and wrote and produced my hybrid column for a year. I obeyed his instructions so implicitly that I didn't even venture to read the Psalms, or the other newspapers or any other thing that Irving ever wrote.

I owe my first advancement in pay to *The New York Sun*. I read it so dilligently and clipped from it so faithfully that I amassed a huge stack of articles pertaining to every conceivable subject that a reporter is ever called upon to discuss. These I classified according to needs, so that when I was sent out to cover an assignment, all I had to do was to refer to a similar story from my clippings using it with such changes as applied to local conditions.

One day a warehouse burned to the ground and I was sent to write the story. It happened that I had a splendid "ware-house fire" in my scrap book and for lack of time I copied it almost literally. The next morning the city editor called all the reporters together and read to them my account of the fire.

When he had finished he turned to me and said:

"Oscar, I simply wanted to tell these reporters that this is the best report of a fire that this newspaper has ever printed. I want to show them up."

THEN he went on to explain that the merit of the story was in its simplicity, in the use of short Anglo-Saxon words. He said that the reason I could write that way was because I followed the lines of least resistance and didn't try to go beyond my depth. It was not until years later that he knew how truthfully he spoke.

This incident didn't add to my popularity among the reporters. They ceased patronizing me and began competing. The only flaw in the ointment was that *The Sun* wasn't always on the job. On another occasion the city editor called me in and said:

"This is the worst thing I have ever read. Oscar, I can't understand your stuff. Sometimes you put it all over us and then you write things that are simply awful."

It was no time to give away my system, so I blamed it on the King Oscar column. I explained that no man could write three languages at once and hope to excel in any one of them. The city editor agreed to that and the hybrid jargon was discontinued. That gave me more time to follow *The Sun*, Washington Irving and the "Book of Job."

With the groundwork I had received in Sweden I soon had the opportunity to enter as a special at the state university. Night work made it possible for me to study in the day time, which would have been very convenient had it not been for an obsession of one of the teachers, in fact, the one I most needed, to teach English at sunrise. I was doing night police at the time, and my instructions were not to leave the police station before 3:30 a.m. The English class convened at eight in the morning, leaving me an average of four hours' sleep. But I had learned that every thing in America was done at high speed, and I assured the managing editor, who was a little concerned over my health, that by sleeping a little faster than most people I could make the grade without injury to myself or to my work.

To pursue further this narrative of events would be to crowd the ego. Up until this time, it was the American spirit, plus a few hard licks and a little midnight oil that gave me the chance that awaits any one who comes to America and is willing to work. I know something of Europe and its people. I know something of its industries, its caste and class. I know that in no other country on this earth can things be done quite the way they are done in America. To me it has never ceased to be wonderful, because it seems to be the fulfilment of all that for which society has struggled for ages.

My life in America has been no different from that of millions who have come from other lands to enjoy that splendid gift we call opportunity. I didn't know enough to be discouraged. Discouragement! there's the rub with which America must contend in the handling, training and development of its alien people.

To create a finer understanding among immigrants of American ideals, standards and aims: here is your big work, you men and women of the Red Cross and you who are engaged in Americanization work. Here you will find fertile fields for your efforts and millions of hearts that will thank you for an introduction to America. We immigrants who come here from foreign lands find little to which we can tie until we understand that humanity is the same the world over. We find little in common with you who through no fault of yours were born into the beautiful heritage of American citizenship. We want to be shown. In our native land every street, every statue, every thing that meets the eye or responds to the touch had its significance, its traditions. In a park, near my first home in America stood a statue of Abraham Lincoln. It was three years before it dawned upon me what that statue meant to America, to the American people and to me.

WHAT is the obvious result for the immigrant? Not until his children bring into the family American thought and American contact does he really learn what America is. In the meantime he has (*Continued on Page 75*)

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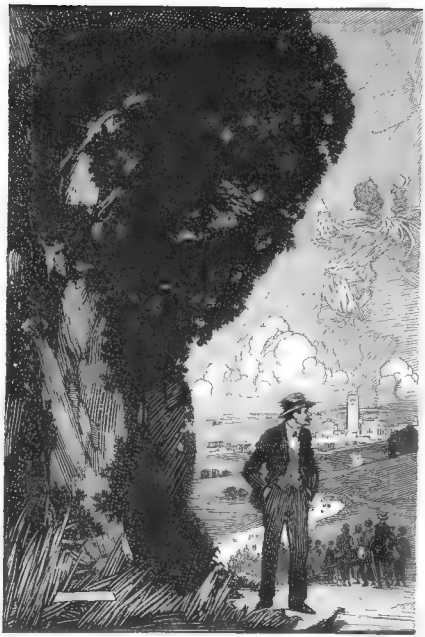

The first and greatest of all the hindrances

WHAT TO LIKE AND

Do you stand in

By Doctor

Decoration by

IS IT possible for you to get an education? Must you always be a low-brow? Are you content to "Like what you like" or are you

WHEN I was a boy of twelve or thirteen my father, who was a man of books, pointed one day to the ten volumes of "Gibbon's Rome" that stood on the library shelf, and told me I ought to read them. He had a way of suggesting a thing that made me want to do it. So I gaily tackled the monumental work with the cockiness of youth. The first result was what might have been expected. I was baffled, unhorsed, as Don Quixote when he attacked the windmill. I could understand it very little and liked it not at all. The mass of facts was appalling, the style was ponderous. I was a little lad trying to walk with a giant. I said to my father, "Dad, this is fierce!" I showed him one sentence that was a page and a half long. Before I got to the end of it I had forgotten the beginning. He answered only, "Keep on!" I kept on. It was hard, dull work.

And then, along about the thirteenth chapter, I think it was—it happened! Something took place inside of me. It was as if I had been "converted." I found myself suddenly liking what I read. The language, which had been tedious and involved, all at once grew beautiful. I had caught step with Gibbon's majestic style. I had followed him persistently, and at last he had rewarded me by casting his mantle upon me.

A similar instance happened in Munich, when I was over forty. I happened to be spending my summer vacation there. Looking about for amusement I found a "Wagnerfest," a series of Wagner operas given one after another for some weeks, advertised at the Prinz Regenten Theatre. Now I had made up my mind as to Wagner. I did not like him. I had gone to two or three performances of his operas in America, and had been bored to extinction. This music, so I had decided, is a fad, an art-form taken up by those who wish to pose as superior, liking what the commons can not understand. It is caterwauling. To say you like it, is affectation.

But here in Munich another thought occurred to me, to wit: This man has been dead some years; two theatres are devoted to his music alone, a distinction no other composer can claim; at almost every concert in Christendom a selection from Wagner is played; evidently the music-world has passed upon him and approved; and therefore the trouble may lie in *me*. So I went to a book store and bought an armload of books on Wagner and his music, mostly German and French books. I took them to my boarding house and studied them. I familiarized myself with the "motifs," got so I could whistle the ring motif, the grail motif, the sword motif and the rest. Tom Kelley, the Omaha musician, was in Munich at the time, and we worked together over the piano and text books. Then I attended the fest, went to one opera after another. The first two were puzzling.

And at the third, it was Die Meistersinger—it happened! The walls of Jericho fell down. I understood. I loved. I was converted. I count that one of the great moments of my life, for then a whole area of enjoyment was added to my possessions. My life was permanently enlarged. Spiritually speaking, I had struck oil.

These two instances indicate the obstacle to education, culture, progress —whatever you have a mind to call the improvement of a human being.

For Obstacle A 1 is not ignorance.

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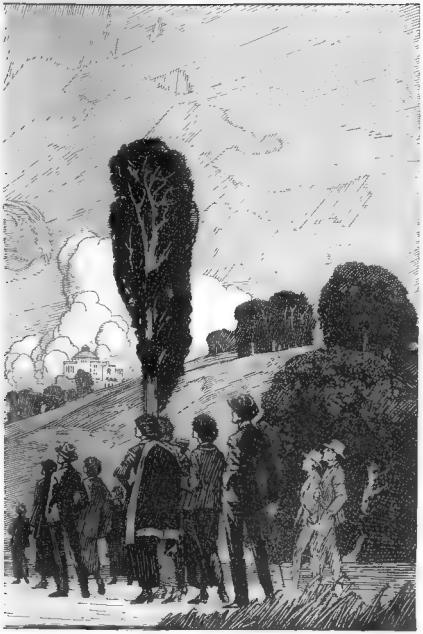

to the human mind is Indifference

HOW TO LIKE IT

your own light?

Frank Crane

Franklin Booth

determined to "Like what you ought to like?"

Why, if you are willing "the Best in the World" is yours for the asking.

Not at all. That may be First Assistant and Introducer Extraordinary to wisdom. No. Not ignorance.

What, then, is the First and Greatest of all Hindrances, Stoppers, Brick Walls and Hindenburg Lines, that bar a mind's Getting On?

It is Indifference.

Coldness. Lack of Desire. Hell is cold. When Dante got to the bottom of the pit he found the Devil there, frozen in the ice. He flapped his wings and sent the frigid waves of impotency throughout the universe.

It's not what you Don't Know that makes you an Ignoramus; it's what you Don't Like.

To Know Nothing is honorable. Why, Socrates, the wisest man that ever prowled the ways of cities, with the cleverest brain ever housed in a human skull, Socrates, who for two thousand years has been teaching the human race how to think, this same Socrates was fond of saying, "*I* Don't Know. Me? I Know Nothing!"

But, Oh! the *thirst* of the man to know!

Why does Tom, at sixteen, when he has finished High School, hate to go to College, and want to quit study, and go to work in the grocery, or devote his time to loafing around the St. James Hotel pool room, and accumulating neckties and actress-photographs?

And why does Mamie—same age—rebel at the prospect of Wellesley, and insist on plunging at once into society, stenography or matrimony?

Usually because Education, with them, has missed the mark, teachers did not know what teaching is, and parents, school directors and all who managed the youngsters did not realize what schools are for.

All too commonly we suppose a school to be a brick structure, where children are herded, so that their keepers may stuff them with Knowledge. We assume that Education is the amassing of Information, the storing up of Facts.

They test the degree to which the pupil is "educated" by an absurd performance called an Examination, a list of questions devised to ascertain how many quarts of facts and rules the child contains.

Often the boy who "passes" the exam' is the thirdest of third raters, and the boy who flunks becomes a most efficient man. A good part of the foremost orators, writers, business men, statesmen, explorers, discoverers, poets and rulers of men, failed at school. And they employ the hundred percenters as clerks at $50 a month.

Why?

Because the Education they were supposed to get was not Education at all. For Education is not cramming a mind with facts, it is not ladling out information. It is making the mind want to learn.

It is not supplying food to the mind, it is creating hunger in the mind. That is true Education.

What a teacher knows, his training equipment, the degrees he has acquired, his experience and all that, are not at all the main thing. For the main question is, Can he set a pupil's soul on fire? Can he make the young man fall in love with wisdom? Can he bring it about that the young miss shall be smitten with the three high Gods, the Good, the Beautiful and the True?

"The spirit of man is a candle of the Lord," says the Scripture. It is the teacher's business to light the candle.

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I suppose I had a hundred teachers or more in my school years. Of all that number I can recall but two or three that knew how to teach. They made me want to learn. They had the power of electrical induction. They changed my likes. The others were more or less stupid, educated shepherd dogs.

For real teachers are like real poets: they are born, not made. They come from God, not from Normal Schools.

For Education is not the training of a child, as an educated pig; it is the new birth of the soul.

THE foolish person often lays this down as his ultimatum; he thinks it concludes the matter; he says: "I can't help it if I like what I like, can I?"

It is most unfortunate when one believes that settles it. For, as a matter of fact, all education begins with the realization that one can change his likes.

It is an invariable mark of ignorance to take it for granted that one's tastes are fixed. To propose to the low-brow that he change them is like asking him to be somebody else. And the last thing anybody on earth wants to be is somebody else; we are willing to suffer and to die, if need be, but not to become another person.

But that is the very first demand of Education. All Culture, all real Improvement, begins by saying, "You must be born again. For what you need, young man, is not to learn new facts, and what you need, young woman, is not to adorn yourself with new accomplishments, and to put on new manners and graces; what you need is to be disgusted with what you now like and to like something else. And what that something else is, it is the business of the school to show you."

But alas! the mass of folks, while they are perfectly willing to learn new things, read new books and papers, travel and see new sights, meet new people, and constantly change the upper layers of their personality, stubbornly refuse to go down into the bottom of their souls, and change their Desires. They resent it as a sort of indecency.

Yet that is the only change that can do anybody any good, the change in Desires.

Let us lay down this rule then. If you can obey it you are possible. You belong. You may become a Superior Person. If you cannot or will not, then go back to the livery stable. Advancement is not for you. You are, and always will be, a horse. For a horse can be taught all sorts of tricks, but he will always like hay.

But, if all this is true, how do I know what it is I ought to like? Tastes differ.

Tastes do differ, up to a certain point. Beyond that, all really cultured people like pretty much the same things.

How can I know what those things are?

You learn what those things are by sitting at the feet of Mankind.

Listen to the World. It's an old World, and has found out a lot of things, by infinite experiment.

Don't imagine you are the first man born. Millions have lived before you, tried and failed and succeeded. Look at their record.

Bees make the same kind of comb now they made in the Garden of Eden, and beavers build their dams now in the Mississippi precisely as they built them in the Euphrates five thousand years ago. For every brute animal begins just where his father began, and goes over the same ground—animal life is like a squirrel revolving his cage, he just turns around and gets nowhere. But the human animal begins where his father left off. So he progresses.

"The essential characteristic of man," said John Fisk, "is his improvableness."

There is no excuse for you making the same kind of a fool of yourself that Nebuchadnezzar did.

First, therefore, listen to Time. For Time is the authoritative critic. Whatever he has approved is worth nothing. He makes mistakes, but by and by he corrects them.

For instance, what books ought I to like? Emerson's pithy answer was, "Read no book that is not twenty years old."

Like most epigrams, of course, this one assumes that you have common sense enough to understand it. And its meaning is, that Time winnows out the good wheat. Time alone gives the Master's Degree.

You may or may not like Kipling and Anatole France and Wells and Shaw and Sudermann. This is your privilege. But among the elect you have no right to say you do not like Homer, Dante, Goethe and Shakespeare. To make such a statement automatically expels you from the chosen people and classes you among the Philistines.

Do you mean to say I have no choice in the matter of liking Shakespeare, that I must like him whether he appeals to me, whether he "finds" me, or not?

Exactly that. Sorry, my dear, but culture has its intolerances, its iron tests, and that is one of them. The world has passed on Shakespeare, not one man but millions of men, not one age but many ages. And if you do not like him, you may be as sure as we are sure of anything in this sublunary sphere, that there is something wrong with *you*.

UP in the Senior Class, son, there is no disputing about tastes. In the Primary Department, and Below Stairs, they are always disputing.

You *must* like Michel Angelo's paintings in the Sistine Chapel and you *must* like Beethoven's music, and the Venus de Milo, and the ideas of Plato and Jesus.

These may not be what you like, but they are what you Ought to like.

And if you believe this you shall be Saved (or call it Educated or Cultured), and he that believeth not shall be Damned (or call it Ignorant or Common).

But, how can I get to like these things I Ought to like?

Answer: Know them.

For we like what we Know.

A party of us were once visiting a picture gallery in Florence, and had stopped before Botticelli's "Spring," one of the world's masterpieces. A young lady said pertly, "Well, that may be grand, but I don't like it. I don't know anything about art, of course. But I know what I like." Whereupon an old man amongst us replied: "No, young lady, you are mistaken. You don't know what you like. You mean you like what you know, which is not much."

THAT was a rough stroke, but true and wholesome. Paddy loves his pig, and Molly loves her shining kitchen and the baby at her breast, and Lo, the poor Indian, loves roaming the plains and scalping his enemies, and we all love our nation and our home folks, because we know them.

We are cold to what we don't know, and if we are particularly ignorant we hate it. Two navvies were walking along the wharf in London. They saw a stranger approaching.

"Who is that feller?" asked one.

"I dunno," said the other. "Looks like a bloody furriner. Let's 'eave a 'arf a brick at 'im."

Which explains race prejudice. White people hate yellow, Arabs hate Christians; also Jews and Gentiles, Catholics and Protestants, English and French, East Siders and West Siders, despise each other for just one reason. They are not acquainted.

THE WAY YOU LOOK AT IT

By Dr. Frank Crane

SOMEWHERE I have heard this story.

A passer-by saw three workmen cutting stone where a cathedral was building. He stopped and spoke with them.

"What are you doing?" he asked one.

"I am cutting this stone," was the answer. "I work four hours in the morning and four in the afternoon. That's my job. I'm a stone-cutter."

"What are you doing?" inquired the bystander, turning to the second workman.

"Me? I'm getting six dollars a day," was the reply.

Then the man addressed the third workman with the same question.

"What are you doing?"

The stone-cutter looked up, and pointing to the rising walls of the edifice, replied:

"I am building this cathedral."

All of which goes to show that

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"Don't introduce me to that man," said one. "I feel it my political duty to hate him, and you can't hate a fellow when you know him."

Hence, to Love the Masters of all time, all you have to do is to know them. You can easily put this in practice. Read Shakespeare every day for thirty days, and you will find yourself liking him. If not, keep on for a year. Then if you don't like him, why—back to the livery stable! You don't belong.

Go and see the beautiful things Rafael made, and Benvenuto Cellini, look at the Cathedrals of Cologne and Milan and Notre Dame of Paris, or study pictures of them, if you cannot see the things themselves, and keep on looking—till your heart bursts into flame. For that new Taste will come, just as sure as you are human and are capable of culture.

It is very simple. The way to learn to like what you ought to like is to go where those things are. Listen to good music. Get the records of the classics for your phonograph or piano-player, and hear them over and over. Go to lectures and not cabarets. Read Victor Hugo and Wilhelm Meister and Carlyle and Ruskin, instead of the cheaper magazines. And *keep on*. After awhile the taste will come.

What's the good? Why should I go to all this trouble? I get along very well as it is. I have my automobile, and my bridge game, and golf and magazines and pipe and slippers. Why bother with all this high-brow stuff?

A missionary was once urging a native naked Filipino to get an education.

"Why?" asked the native.

"Because you can make more money."

"Why make more money?"

"Then you can wear good clothes and mingle with better people."

"What do I want to do all that for?"

"So that you can be happy."

"But," concluded the Filipino, "I'm happy now!"

So, you see, culture is hardly a thing we can argue over. If you don't care for it, you don't, so good day!

But, if so be there stirs within you the longing for better things, listen! I will tell you what real culture does for you, and you will understand.

It increases your joy of living. Every new and higher taste you develop is an addition built to your House of Life, another acre annexed to your Garden of Delight.

YOU are richer. Not in money or furniture, or jewels, but in capacity to enjoy. I consider my conversion to Richard Wagner's music as worth more to me, in sheer enjoyment value, than a million dollars and seven automobiles.

Poverty, soul poverty, cheap and nasty thinking and liking—poverty is the one curse.

Second, to learn to love the Masters *adds to your Resources.* Your edifice of happiness is surer, not so liable to be blown down by the first hurricane of calamity. You may lose your money, you may have to sell your house, your position in society may be lowered, your friends may betray you, you may lose your health or your leg, but if you can still find enjoyment in your Books, and in all the higher forms of pleasure they stand for, you are not bankrupt.

Besides, *the Masters grow on you.* Beethoven's Ninth Symphony is richer in pleasure-giving quality when heard the twentieth time, than when first heard. After you hear "Good morning, Mr. Zip Zip Zip" three or four times you are tired of it. I have two prints of little angels by Bellini on my bedroom wall; they have hung there for years; I love them more now than when I first got them. Could you stand a cheap chromo or gaudy magazine cover on your wall for a year?

The good tastes last. They are eternal. In fact, eternal life itself is not a matter of duration but of quality. And the saving of your soul includes the acquisition of all the better tastes, in science, in art, in music, in letters, as well as in religion.

Whatever moves your pleasures over from your bodily appetites to your mental and spiritual desires, increases your eternal quality, makes you worthy to live forever. For the longer you live the more joy you have.

It is the acquisition of culture that *insures a happy old age.* All the peevish, petulant whine of those who dread growing old, arises from the fact that they have childish tastes and have never changed them for the enduring kind. Of course, if you don't know how to live, the longer you live the worse it gets.

And the Masters liberate you. Imitate Beethoven all you please, it will only make your own musical composition more fecund. But if you imitate the style of the latest jazz song writer you will be a slavish copyist. That is why all modern musical comedies sound alike. There is no freshness in them, no youth. They are smitten with senility. They are cheap. They are not of the Masters.

So the more closely you "follow Jesus," or follow Socrates or Shakespeare for that matter, the more you are set free. The Master makes you grow. The cheap and common leader binds you.

THE worst enemies to genuine culture are the counterfeiters. Always the vender of the cheap substitute does the most damage.

"The long-haired men and short-haired women" who prate of having souls above the common herd, the affected snobs and finicky "high-brows," who consider themselves a superior class, do the cause of high thinking infinite harm.

For culture is of no Class. It is human, and as broad as humanity. Its door is open to every human being, whether he lives in a log cabin in the backwoods, in an East Side tenement or in a palace. It is as near to the serving maid in the kitchen as to the lady in the boudoir.

Wisdom cries aloud in the streets, knocks at every man's door, and goes out into the highways imploring all men to come to her banquet.

Wisdom, culture, the whole higher life, with its exquisite richness of enjoyment, is utterly democratic. It is for YOU, no matter how poor you are, nor how lowly born, no matter what your environment.

The only one who cannot have it is the coward and the weakling, who will not. "For the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence and the violent take it by force."

RISE up, O son of woman, wherever you are, hired man on the farm, stoker on the engine, ditch-digger, waiter in the restaurant, boot-black, ticket chopper, store clerk! The best is yours if you want it. You may be one of the favored few, one of the privileged. Yours may be the seats of the mighty.

All you have to do is to learn to like what you ought to like, and leave the swinish herd of them that are content to like what they like.

Now as ever the royal road is open, the imperial feast is spread, the proclamation of the high gods has gone forth:

"Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.

"Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labour for that which satisfieth not? Hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness."

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the biggest part of your job is how you look at it.

Everything has a lower and an upper meaning.

It is not what you have to do, it is your attitude toward what you have to do, that makes your work unbearable or delightful.

I asked a hard-working business man this summer why he did not take a vacation, why he sent his wife and family away to the seaside, while he remained at his desk.

With a whimsical smile he said, "To tell the honest truth, I don't go away on a vacation because I can't find anything anywhere else that is as much fun as my business."

And do you know that this is the secret of the wise?

Of the wise and happy.

The secret is that, while it is hard, sometimes impossible, to change your job, it is always possible, sometimes easy, to change the way you look at it.

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Written for the Associated Newspapers

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They glory in a tractor which can pull a

In the lower picture Anna, about to be given into the custody of the state. And above, Anna after two years of home education at High View Farm

They were looking for a little return

NINE GIRLS

By Reinette

THE woods are full of folks who will write out checks for a good cause. But how many people will take children into their

WE TRY to get them somewhere from twelve to sixteen years old—you know how girls are at that age! A lot of them stop school and start in at some kind of a job—anything they can find—clerking in a store, waiting on table in a restaurant, pasting labels in a factory—"

The owner of High View Farm was speaking. He stood on the piazza overlooking his two hundred acres a tanned man with a fine red color under his brown cheeks The strong light showed up a few grey hairs but there was an appealing boyishness about him, an impulsive way of talking, a trick of dashing up stairs three steps at a time; he bubbled with the enthusiasm of a man who gets a lot of fun out of the day's work. Beside him stood his wife, not very tall, plump, brown eyes very much wife and mother.

"We've been so surprised ourselves that it would work out," he went on. "The whole place actually runs itself automatically now. We can go away a month at a time and leave the girls absolutely by themselves and there won't be a hitch anywhere. There isn't a finer lot of young women anywhere on earth.

"They are," his wife endorsed. "We never dreamed, either of us, that it could turn out such a success! You see they came to us in such different ways, with such different stories."

The machine ran up a grade and halted at the door of a great white house.

"When you see them," my host said, "You'll get a better idea of what it means to us our all living here together at High View. The girls themselves are the whole story."

Twelve or thirteen years ago Mr. and Mrs. George Lemon were living by themselves in a house in Gardner, Massachusetts, which was too big for them. They had no children to provide for and a lot more money than they needed for food and fuel and clothing—enough for an automobile and things like that. There was plenty for any emergency which might arise—more

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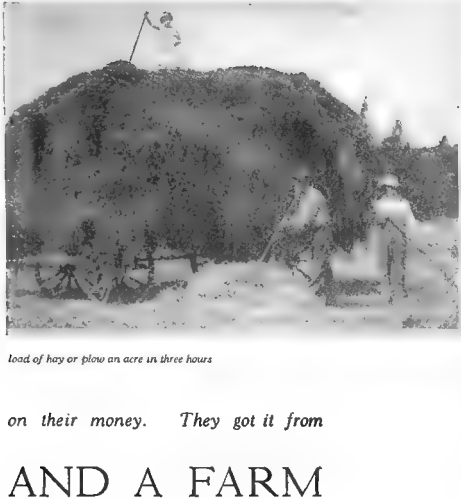

load of hay or plow an acre in three hours

on their money. They got it from

AND A FARM

Lovewell

homes and work with them to widen their opportunities and to give them a bigger and a better chance for real happiness in life?

than enough to live on all their days. Making money just for the sake of making money did not appeal to either of them—it did not seem quite worth while to let what they did not use go on accumulating interest in banks, or in bonds.

Ever since he left college Mr. Lemon had worked with many sorts of organizations and societies for social betterment. In schools, in juvenile courts, and divers institutions for mental treatment he had become aware of the awful expense of curative measures. "Case" after "case" he helped as an individual, with money and with study, but the results discouraged him. Particularly was he staggered by physical degeneracy—it seemed such a frightful waste of the nation's human resources. And it existed, it seemed to him, mostly because so many youngsters had nobody in particular to look after them—because they stopped going to school. Prevention—that was the essential thing he deduced from the varied experiences. Gradually the conviction settled upon him that even a little prevention would go a long ways.

Talking things over between themselves at home the Lemons agreed they had rather spend their money—as far as it would go—helping—whenever they stumbled upon them—boys and girls for whom the coming years looked cloudy, but who were bright healthy youngsters with no need to be cured of anything—only to have their energies directed along wholesome lines.

Everywhere they found promising opportunities to spend their money and their optimism. There was a smart-looking young stenographer in an office where Mr. Lemon did business, working for a bit of a weekly wage and with little hope ahead for her. She went out West to study some more at the Lemons' suggestion—backed by their check book. Now she is secretary to the Dean of the same University where they sent her. There was a plumber's boy, just graduated in June from the high school, who came to tinker their water pipes. He didn't look to them like the sort of chap who ought to quit books. Encouraged, he went away to a reasonable mid-western college. The other day he sent them his photograph—in the robes in which he had been ordained. There were many others, who needed a boost toward A-r citizenship—and received it.

But sharing their money was not enough for them Lemons. They wanted to share their home. They found, one at a time, two girls, both fourteen years old, both with "unfortunate home surroundings," as card catalogues of institutions might classify them. They were headed straight for jobs in a chair factory—and what they might learn from chair factory associations, hearing constantly uncultivated -and worse—speech, no more study, rooming somewhere and eating somewhere else.

These girls, Mr. and Mrs. Lemon took into their large Gardner home and Mrs. Lemon started them in at house work to help pay for what she could teach them of books and music and how to cook and sew—education of a practical, wholesome sort.

These two girls were the beginning of what the Lemons call for want of a better name a School for the Conservation of American Girlhood, a school conducted entirely at their own expense—the pupils making return for what they receive by doing all the work about the place.

Mr. Lemon's hands had long itched to cultivate soil, to make things grow.

"If we had a farm," he argued, "we could take a lot more girls. There would be plenty of work—out in the fresh air, and I bet they'd like it, too! And with that sort of a scheme we could raise enough food to feed half a dozen of them."

To the Gardner house he added a two hundred acre farm in Royalston, ten miles away, eleven hundred feet above sea level, with Mount Monadnock blue at the north, Mount Wachusett rising at the east—in between a sweep of rolling country full of pines and birches and wayside elms. The house which stood there when the place was purchased had been an old summer hotel, with large rooms and plenty of them, a house which perfectly suited their purposes. The very first winter it burned—to a yawning cellar hole and grim, stark chimneys.

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"We'll put up another," the Lemons declared. "We've got the view left." They did. The new house is larger than the other, painted white, with wide piazzas covered with woodbine. It has an observatory and billiard room and at the top, an attic with a stage and properties sufficient to put on a first rate show.

Its stairs it is just plain home—with a little h, as far removed from the capital H kind as the sky from the sea. A great living room has a corner fireplace where two settees face each other, deep chairs, bookcases, a divan backed against a tableful of magazines, a grand piano. The dining-room is the same sort of a dining-room to be found in hundreds of homes where each meal is a bit of a ceremony—fine china and linen and silver, with a glimpse of a handy, well-equipped kitchen showing through the butler's pantry—where the girls take turns at butling.

With Mr. Lemon's help and his wife's co-operation, the seven girls they have added to their family do all the work outdoors and in—barring an occasional day's work by men they hire. But it is not the same sort of drudgery from which girls and boys of a generation ago were so eager to escape. There are porcelain bath tubs and plenty of hot water when they come in from the fields and shed their overalls. Every modern convenience to lighten labor has been provided. They glory in a tractor which does an astonishing amount of work mechanically. With it they can plow an acre in two or three hours. They hitch it to a load of hay and drive it across the "mowings." It will pull up rocks—pests of New England soil—and drag them away. In a neat white building is machinery for making butter—a barrel churn and a butter worker. Butter has been known to "come" in five minutes; even in its most stubborn moods the cream thickens quickly. They have a canning factory out back of the house with a steam evaporator, a sink of running water, a capable stove. The hundreds of jars of fruit and vegetables they can each year supply the table all winter long. In the spring they tap maples on the farm and boil the sap into syrup and sugar. A big motor truck is used for all kinds of hauling—including transportation of the whole family on picnic expeditions. There is a smoker where the girls home-cure hams, and a refrigerator big enough to hold beef in halves and quarters.

The girls cultivate four acres and hurry summer visitors out to see their tall corn, the twenty-five rows of beans, the potatoes and onions, beets and turnips. A flock of turkeys, ducks and chickens give food they especially like. Strawberry beds in summer compensate for the spring tussle with weeds. Wild blueberries grow on the place—the Jersey cows contribute cream that is cream. What's a hard morning's farming when noon brings a meal of turkey, and mashed potatoes and summer squash—home-made butter on hot biscuits, often as not ice cream made on the premises!

In his box stall across the street a horse paws at feeding time. There is a brown and white Shetland pony and a collie dog—a contented family of very fat cats.

As far as rules go—there are no more set regulations than in an ordinary large family where mother lays down the law once in a while about certain things. The work is sensibly divided—the whole scheme of education is to develop responsibility. Two of them do the cooking and serving one week, another two the next, and so on in rotation. The girls on kitchen police duty look over all the supplies, plan the meals, watch out for any sign of waste. They make the greater part of their clothes—the hand that runs the tractor is capable of fine embroidery and a skilled touch of the piano keys.

By right of seniority the two elder girls—now twenty-three years old, for they have lived with Mr. and Mrs. Lemon nine years—are Captain and Lieutenant, assuming authority to make decisions in the absence of the owners of the farm, or in their presence. From the ranks a younger girl has developed into a first-class top-sergeant.

Barring the summer months they have lessons the year round—history and geography and mathematics—ordinary high school subjects. They go to Gardner and the surrounding villages by themselves—to movies—to church affairs—the "social" is entirely undenominational—there are many guests for them to meet at the farm—they are invited out to parties and picnics.

"Trust them?" says Mrs. Lemon. "I should say we do. Anywhere they want to go. They have the most wonderful sense of loyalty."

"People say to us," Mr. Lemon interrupts, "How are they going to earn a living when they leave you?" In the first place we don't want them to leave us—till they marry. We need them for teachers now that they have our ideas and we expect to pay them salaries and have an even larger family as the years go on. But if they were all of them dumped right out into the cold world to-morrow don't you think with the way things are now girls who can take hold and manage any sort of an establishment out doors and in—could earn a pretty decent living?"

In their watch for girls from twelve to sixteen years they found one who was only two. She was about to be given into the care of the State where her parents were born. She did not in the least fit into the scheme of a school where the girls worked their way. (*Continued on Page 73*)

Barring the summer months, they have lessons the year round—typewriting, history and geography—ordinary High School subjects

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"The dismal feeling of having a child come home with a poor mark"

THE CHILD WHO FAILS

By Angelo Patri

Illustrated by Maginel Wright Enright

THESE articles of Angelo Patri are out of a long experience as teacher and principal; the illustrative stories are based on actual incidents and happenings of school life.

EVERY family knows the dismal feeling of having a child come home with a poor mark on his report card, or with the awful announcement that he has failed and been "left back."

All children fail sometime, somewhere. Since the beginning of the schools this failure of children to measure up to the standard set for them has worried teachers and parents and children. Teachers the world over have given their best thought to it, yet queerly enough, generally to one side, the school side. Few, very few, of them have thought of the child's side. Any adjustments that were made were made with the idea of perfecting the school machinery. The idea that the school was already too perfect a mechanism did not often occur to them. It was so in our school.

The Fourth Grade stood sedately in line, books under left arm, caps in right hand, waiting for the dismissal signal. Miss Harriet walked swiftly along the line and handed each child what appeared to be a sealed letter. The last one given out she gave the order. "Class, Forward, March!" with more than usual sharpness.

As their shouts of liberation reached us from the street below, she turned to me and said, "You are wondering what I was doing. Well, I'll tell you. I've just given out the monthly report cards. They were due on Wednesday and this is Friday afternoon, but never while I live will I give out report cards on any but Friday afternoons."

"What is the idea?"

"The idea is that I must live with them after I have given them their reports and if every one of those children do not get an 'A' or close to it they make a fuss.

"Last month Michael kicked his feet and banged his elbows; Kitty cried all afternoon; Marie sulked; Charlie tore his card up and informed me that I needn't send home any such card for nobody would sign it for me. O, I had a lovely time. Never again

"After this I gave them their cards in sealed envelopes the last thing on Friday afternoon. They have from Friday until Monday to get over it."

I went downstairs to think it over. I pictured the children snatching their report cards and eagerly scanning them for the record of the past month's work. Some of the faces would be wreathed in smiles, others would be darkened with disappointment and some would show grief and tears.

This always happened at the end of each month and at the end of each term. There was always the group that failed. They went home deadly unhappy and some of them afraid. There are parents that beat children who fail.

Whose fault was it? Here we were dreading to give the children the school's measurement of their work. In self defense we sealed it up and hurried them out of the building with it. It was all very unpleasant—very distasteful—and nothing about a school should be either.

Whose failure was it that the children were carrying home—theirs or ours?

They had come to school and sat in an attitude of learning; they had followed our directions; nobody had interfered with the workings of the school; we had it all our own way. Yet we allowed the children to fail and accepted the failures as the usual and to-be ex-

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pected thing. The children suffered. I did not like the picture.

The next Monday morning I went up to see Miss Harriet. She was nervous and the class was restless.

"It's the report cards. It isn't as bad as it was last month but it is bad enough. Those that got poor marks are fussy. I got the usual notes from the parents. They think I am to blame for the children's failures.

"We haven't done good work this morning but it will pass over. It always does."

"But it will happen again next month"

"O, surely!"

"We must do something to prevent it. Let's examine one or two of the children who failed and try to find out what is the reason. Then do what we can to help them over the difficulty. I would like to feel that a child's failure was a signal for help and not a badge of disgrace."

WE went to work. The further we probed into the reasons for the children's deficiencies the deeper we delved into the fundamental life of the school.

The school is a perfectly adjusted, scientifically constructed, conscientiously administered machine. It would work perfectly if only the children were evenly graded, evenly endowed, evenly conscious; if they were dead things that could be fed to the machine, without friction or loss.

But they are live, imperfect, growing, vital things. They refuse to be bunched and tied and trimmed like a lot of radishes for the morning's market. And that is where all the trouble lies. That is why the children cry and the teachers fret and the parents storm every time a report is sent out.

Something must be done for the children. We tried grading them. All the slow ones were put in one class; all the quick ones in another, all the medium ones in another.

The school heaved a sigh of relief. Now we had it. The class would move along together and come out even at the end of the term. But they didn't. At the end of the first month they came out uneven. There was a group of failures in each class. Again the tears of the forlorn deficients. Grading had failed to help.

We had made the mistake that the schools have made for the past hundred years. Something wrong with the schools? Tighten up the machinery; adjust the machinery until it takes care of the weak spot.

Now we were forced to accept the fact that no two children respond alike to any machinery; no two of them grow at the same rate, no two of them will stay on an even line of growth for any length of time.

Now came the thought: suppose we loosen the school machinery? What would happen if we stopped considering the children as a class and began to consider them as individuals? Watch the growth of each child as carefully as the gardener does his plants and stock-breeder his calves.

"But that would take a teacher for every child," protested Miss Harriet. "It seems to me that all of them fail sometime, somewhere."

"It seems so to me too. Only, they do not all fail on the same things at the same times and that saves our lives."

"Maybe," said Miss Harriet. "I'd try anything to do away with the heartbreak of the failures at report time."

"We'll work it on the college idea of the Special Program. If a child fails in any subject send him to the class where he can get the help he needs. Pick out the class and teacher that will help him the most. Don't wait until the end of the month or the end of the term either. Catch the failure as soon as possible and fix it up promptly. It will save lots of these children I'm sure."

"My goodness, you'll have these children running all over the place. It will be worse than shunting cars in the freight yard."

"We can try it and see. Nothing will happen to the school if the children are in earnest and I am sure that when the failure is considered as a signal for help and not as a mark of disgrace, the children will welcome the idea. They will feel that the school is a place where children grow—where they are helped to grow.

"Once they get that notion they will help themselves intelligently. It won't do the school any harm to have the children use it freely. It will do us all good.

"We'll begin with your Martha."

The teacher groaned. "I wish somebody could teach that child to read. I can't. I asked the teachers why they promoted her and they said that reading was the only thing that she failed in and they didn't think it was right to keep her back for one subject. But she cannot read at all, and she cannot write a story. She can go no further in school until she learns."

"How far down the school would she have to go to find the place where she could read?"

"Clear down to the Second Grade, and this is the Fourth. Poor reading is a serious deficiency."

"Send her to the Second Grade for reading. Fit her into the classes all along the line where she can get what she needs regardless of the grades."

"THAT will send her up and down the grades and lengthen her day."

"We will try it and see what happens."

Martha began. The teacher added a couple more children. They made the points they needed and the teachers to whom they went for the extra lessons thought that perhaps this plan might work for some of their children.

In time there was a great group of children going from room to room, from grade to grade. The month end was losing its terrors for children and teachers. The dropped stitches were caught before the hole got too big.

But it was soon plain that somebody must follow and check up these children. The class teacher had too much to do as it was. First, the principal did it but the group grew too big and he had to have help. Then the Program teacher came.

The Program teacher examined the group that failed. She tried to find the reason and adjust the child's program to meet the need. Hers was a busy day. The children soon discovered that she was the one to take troubles to. She could help.

"I'm failing in arithmetic. Could I drop sewing for awhile and double my arithmetic? I have had maximum in sewing for two terms."

"Please could I have an extra period in grammar? Miss Smith gave me a poor rating this week."

"DO I have to take wood-work? I think my geography is weak."

The Program teacher must know children. They are very clever about having things fixed to suit themselves, and one must be on the alert to see that the fixing is as it should be.

When a boy presents a request for a program change it is the duty of the Program teacher to consult with the nurse and the doctor, the class teacher and the parents. Sometimes the boy is not in condition to do any more than he is doing, and the school must wait until the child is ready again for instruction. Sometimes he asks for the change for the sake of variety, or because he does not like the teacher he happens to have.

All this the Program teacher must know and guard against. Once having assigned the child she does not consider his case closed. That would make the school as static as before. She follows him up and checks his progress.

Following up Martha she found that the child was making no progress toward reading. No amount of class instruction seemed to help.

"It is more than the usual deficiency in reading," said the Program teacher. "I'll try a special method with her. She certainly cannot learn by the usual ones. I'll try her on the sandpapered letters. I'll let her 'feel' her way to reading and writing."

Then Martha balked. "No, no. I don't want to learn to read all by myself. I don't want to learn like a blind child."

But the Program teacher held on and finally taught Martha to read so that she could go on with her class. The child's joy was pathetic.

"I knew that I could read just like the other children only they wouldn't let me," she confided to me. But the Program teacher smiled and said nothing. There was one deficient child less and that was what mainly concerned the Program teacher.

It was best for Martha to travel with her class—the sooner the better. We all thrive best in groups. We live in groups, work in groups, vote in groups, go to church in groups, play in groups. The group spirit is best for the children. They hate to be set apart as in any way unfit. If the failures were treated as the normal way of living and as a sign of growth when detected and corrected

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there would be no fear of the isolation and disgrace.

"Anthony fails daily in his arithmetic lesson. We are doing long division and he cannot seem to get it. I wish you would take him aside and see what is the matter. He gets along fairly well in the other subjects, but every time he tries long division he falls down hard."

The Program teacher took Anthony aside and watched him work. Soon it was apparent that he made mistakes only in the subtraction. He would divide, subtract, look, bring down, begin all over again in the most approved style in long division.

"Do it out loud, Anthony. I'll listen carefully to find what it is you do that makes it come wrong."

"I don't do anything" wrong, said Anthony. "I do **everything** that the teacher tells me and it never comes right for me. It comes right for every body else but it never comes right for me."

Anthony sniffed a couple of times, winked back the tears and started again. When he got to the subtraction the teacher said, "Repeat that, Anthony. Do it out loud. I want to see how you get that answer."

"O, I do it all right," groaned Anthony. "Only it won't come right. I've even said prayers to St. Anthony and they don't come right. If the bottom number is little enough I take it from the top number. If it isn't, I add it to the top number."

"But you shouldn't. That is what made it come wrong. You do it this way." And the Program teacher explained subtraction to Anthony. It took only a few weeks in the Second Grade number period, supplemented by the work in his own grade, to put Anthony right.

What would have happened to Anthony if the teacher had not singled him out for the Program teacher? He would have been marked deficient in a major subject month after month, and at the end of the term he would have been left back.

He would have cried bitterly and been afraid to go home. The teacher would have said sadly, "I'm sorry, Anthony, but you know that you cannot do the arithmetic of this grade and so you cannot go ahead."

The children, cruel little magpies, would call after him, "Anthony, the dumb-ox. Left back with the don't knows."

His parents would have been shamed and angry. Perhaps they would have beaten the little fellow.

The taxpayers would have been obliged to pay once more for Anthony's tuition in the same grade. Repeaters are very expensive.

And Anthony—stunned and wondering—feeling that he had done everything that he had been asked to do and yet had failed—failed so that even the saints would not help him! He would have lost faith in the things that childhood should hold fast. He would have sat in the same classroom day after day, doing again the things that he had done before, while his heart grew heavier and his brain grew more numb, deader, hour by hour.

Worse than all else, he would have established the notion that a failure is a final thing. That there is no lift to that cloud when it falls upon one. The foundation for the habit of failure would have been laid. Than that—there is no worse thing to befall a child.

There are many Anthonys. Many children fail without any stronger reason. They lose a lesson, the teacher does not notice in the hurry and rush of the day's work, the deficiency grows and piles up.

The Program teacher saves the taxpayer money by cutting down the number of repeaters, but better still she saves the minds of the children. Nothing is more deadly to a growing intelligence than to check it and hold it up to mark time while the low spots in it catch up to the high spots. It is such a futile thing to do. Children do not grow that way. They are always jagged minded.

One of the instructors called the Program teacher's attention to the record card of a child that had recently entered the school.

"This chap has been kept in the same class for three terms. Always with the same deficiency 'oral English.' He seems to be an intelligent boy but he does not talk. He will not try to read in class. It is a bad deficiency and unless we can overcome it he will have to repeat the grade again. "

"You say he is an intelligent boy?"

"Nothing the matter with him as far as I can see. He takes the class work as well as the other children until it comes to speech. He does not speak at all in class. The children say that he talks in the playground but they cannot understand him very well.'

Soon the Program teacher reported. "The trouble with your boy is that he talks nothing but French. He hears only that language at home. He has no brothers and sisters. Nobody talks to him but his parents. He avoids speaking in school because he is afraid he will make mistakes. He is very timid.

"I find that he knows the work of the grade and is in fact far ahead of it. We will send him up a grade and put him in the English Class half of each day for special instruction. The teachers will work together to see that he makes his grade.

"We will have to do something to get him to talk to us and let us talk to him."

Then began a lively time for the boy who was failing in English. The Program teacher made it a point to get him out of his room and send him on errands through the school. At first the errand was very simple—taking a paper to the teacher in 203; handing a book to the teacher in 409; taking a note to the principal.

Everybody he went to made a point of speaking to him in a short clear sentence. Soon he went about the building smiling and unafraid. He began to answer the people who spoke to him. His work in the classroom picked up. The time came when the Program teacher took him off the rolls of the Special English Class and he went along with his grade.

The combination of English teacher, the grade teacher, the intercourse with the teaching staff and the children had bridged the gap.

If he had not been studied and planned for on the basis of his needs he might have plodded along in the English to Foreigners Class for a couple of terms and then dropped out of school just as soon as the Compulsory Law permitted. He needed more than the classroom routine. He needed the personal touch of the school.

The school has a personality. Some people call it the school spirit; some call it the school ideal; I like to call it the personality of the school. I like to think that the school is a live, human thing, that thinks and feels and laughs and cries with its teachers and children.

Otherwise how could the school know when its children were failing, were falling behind, when they were sick, or in trouble?

I think often of one little fellow who was marked deficient and listed as a child who would have to be failed at promotion time. The Program teacher knitted her brows over the record.

"I can't make it out," she said. "I am at a loss to know why this child is fail-

SET THE STAGE FOR SUCCESS

CHILDREN must never be left with the idea of failure. Scolding a child for a failure is fatal. He is already hurt and discouraged by the sense of failure. His heart beats slower, his mind is duller, his ambition is smothered. Why do further damage? Sometimes I wonder if most of the failures of the adult world didn't start in the schoolrooms in some such way as that.

Clap him on the shoulder and smile at him. Tell him you made just the same mistake yourself and got over it. Tell him the road to victory has ever led through the sloughs of defeat, and a failure is but the bugle call to rise up and press forward.

Set the stage for success.

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Select the best opportunities the school affords and let the child try them one after another until he finds one that meets his need.

That is what education means in the long run—exposing a child to all sorts of valuable experiences and permitting him to get all the education possible out of them, remembering that it is the child that is valuable and not the process.

ing. He is an intelligent, lovable child. He simply does not learn. We have had the doctor and the nurse go over him. His mother has been in to talk to us about him but we get nowhere. The boy fails steadily. I wish you would go and look at him."

I went and saw a sweet-faced child who seemed to be uncomfortable. He wiggled about in his seat, but came to order at once when the teacher signalled.

I looked at his seat. It was properly adjusted. I looked at the light. It fell over the child's shoulder as light is supposed to do in a well regulated classroom. There was plainly something wrong but I could not tell what it was.

The Program teacher asked his mother to take him to a child specialist who had done much for our children She willingly agreed. "I'd take him anywhere so that he can learn and be promoted," she said.

She came back from the doctor crying and laughing. "I'm so glad I went The doctor examined him and found you can't imagine. He had an operation when he was a little boy and the doctor found a piece of packing and a thread that should have been taken out at that time. All this time it has been there bothering the child and we did not know it.

"He will be back in school next week."

The child, comfortable and happy, took his place in class and went "swimming along" as the Program teacher put it He did not lose his grade and probably never will.

Occasionally a child has a blind spot I mean that there will be something in the Course of Study that he cannot get. No amount of teaching will put in a capacity that Nature omitted. We had a girl who could not spell. She wrote fine stories, stories that fairly lilted with joy, but she had to translate them. They were so badly spelled that no one could make them out but herself.

"What shall I do?" said the grade teacher. "She cannot spell. If I nag about the spelling she will become discouraged and lose interest in the things she can do well."

The Program teacher went over the child's spelling carefully. After testing it out to her satisfaction she said, "Send the child ahead. I do not believe that she will ever learn to spell with any degree of accuracy It would take the whole of her school time to get the spelling hit

"Give her a dictionary that she can carry about with her. Teach her to use it. Do the best you can with her grade spelling and let it go at that."

The little girl went on her way happily. Had she been held back in the grades to spell she would have been obliged to have stayed there so long that she would have become saturated with the sense of failure and got nowhere in the end

We must make up our minds that there are some children who cannot do some things, and let them do the things they can do This does not mean that the school can excuse itself for not educating any of its children.

There is no excuse for this at all Dr. John Dewey tells us that while the child's accomplishments are to be limited by his capacities the school has never yet succeeded in developing any child, even the slowest and stupidest, to its fullest capacity

But if one door is closed to a child we can open another. Education is not limited. All experiences are educative.

Supervisors are likely to be the worst offenders on this point. There are supervisors who create deficient children. I heard of one that insisted upon identifying the children with the curriculum. He would enter the classroom in his icy way and seating himself would demand of the first child that his eye fell upon, "Grade yourself "

He expected the child to rise and say, "I am grade seven My geography is Europe and Asia with special attention to Europe. My arithmetic is interest. My grammar, etc., etc.," to the bitter end of the course of study.

Few children ever attained to the standard of this lesson. How could they? They were not a grade. They were not a continent. They knew perfectly well they were not. Children cannot stand up and chant anything that they know in their hearts is silly, if not untrue, and appear intelligent.

Stunned by their failure to meet the supervisor's requirements as to grading, they lost their heads and could not tell him anything they did know He pronounced them unfit and left them silenced and shocked

It would take weeks to get them back to the place where they could have any faith in themselves or their school.

Sometimes, not often, the child's failure is the fault of the teacher. Perhaps he does not prepare the lesson carefully, does not measure the steps to be taken against the ability of the child to take them. Sometimes he forgets to watch for the little signals of distress that the failing child sends out; the child loses the point of the lesson, the loss grows into a deficiency unless it is caught in time.

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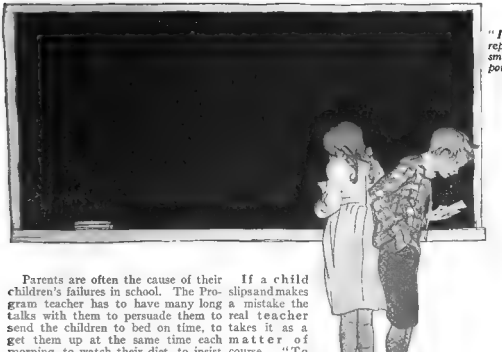

"I pictured the children with their report cards; some faces wreathed in smiles, others darkened with disappointment; some in grief and tears"

Parents are often the cause of their children's failures in school. The Program teacher has to have many long talks with them to persuade them to send the children to bed on time, to get them up at the same time each morning, to watch their diet, to insist upon their obedience to routine.

One little girl was referred to the Program teacher as likely to lose her grade because she was late daily. Her lateness made her lose lessons and the loss was piling up.

The mother smiled at the anxious teacher.

"What do you expect from a baby? My dear, if she wants to sleep late shall I waken her? Is she to come to school without her breakfast? Often she will not eat her breakfast for me. Shall I force her to eat? No. She will eat when she is ready. Then she can go to school.

"I know sometimes she does not mind me. Shall I slap a baby? When she is older she will have more sense. You would have her have sense like her mother. By and by she will know more and she will pay attention to school."

"But she is seven years old and she is not ready to leave the first grade."

"Yes, I know. But there is no hurry. I do not want her to be promoted. She has plenty of time."

Another parent speaks disrespectfully of the teacher in the child's hearing and makes it impossible for the teacher to teach that child.

"My mother says you do not teach me right. She says that she went to school with you and you were not so smart."

What chance has the teacher to get this child to follow her? The sad part of it is the mothers think they are very good to the children. They are giving them a happy childhood. They are saving them from the oppression of the school and the teacher.

They are laying the foundation of failure for their children. They are pitching the child's life toward a habit of failure. A child should never be allowed to hold fail. The clever teacher knows the bad effect that failure has on the children and sets the stage for success. She measures the steps of the lesson and fits each task to the ability of the worker.

If a child slips and makes a mistake the real teacher takes it as a matter of course. "To be sure we make mistakes. Everybody makes them, but the right kind of people clean them up and get rid of them," and she smiles down on the troubled child.

"So glad you showed me the error. That is what is wrong. That is the way I can tell you are growing, you know; just by the way you make mistakes and correct them."

The children must never be left with the idea of failure. They must be made to feel that "to err is human" and to correct that error and go ahead is the royal road to success.

Scolding a child for a failure is fatal. He is already hurt and discouraged by the sense of failure. His heart beats slower, his mind is duller, his ambition is smothered. Why do further damage?

Sometimes I wonder if most of the failures of the adult world did not start in the schoolrooms in some such way as that. Once give a child the notion that a failure is in any way final—is the badge of the down-and-out, and I have a suspicion that he carries it through his life. He has lain down under punishment and it is likely to become his habit.

Clap him on the shoulder and smile at him. Tell him you made just the same mistake yourself and got over it. Tell him there is more real fun in pulling success out of a threatened failure than in following the smooth and easy way to the goal.

Teach him that youth is the time allowed us for mistakes and finding our way out. Tell him that only the dead are perfect and they have ceased to grow.

Tell him the road to victory has ever led through the sloughs of defeat, and a failure is but the bugle call to rise up and press forward.

Set the stage for success.

Loosen up the school machinery. Open the school out wide. Take a mistake as a challenge to your power to help; and report card day and promotion day will be but white mile stones measuring the road to success.

The next article by Prof. Angelo Patri for the RED CROSS MAGAZINE will appear in the March number. It is entitled "The Gifted Child," and, like the present article, is based upon actual experience with, and critical observation of, children in the public schools.

The mission of the gifted child is well understood by Prof. Patri, who says:

"The American Public School guarantees to all its children equal opportunity for education and growth. It should do more than that. It must guarantee the right of the children to be as different as they wish to be. It should protect those differences, those gifts, as the sacred heritage of the race. The gifted ones blaze the trail for the progress of the race. It is they who carry the race forward.

"They make the music that cheers the world.

"They tell the stories that lead it to forget the sadness of to-day in the hope of to-morrow.

"They build the bridges between the Past and the Future.

"They search out the secrets of the hidden things of the earth and behold a new world is born.

"They paint the pictures of the beautiful things that were, and the memory of the world holds sweet.

"They preach the gospel of faith and good works, and the world gains strength to hold on.

"Cherish then, those who come among us bearing gifts."

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HEALTH

A Department Conducted by

Merritte W. Ireland
Surgeon-General of the U. S. Army

Wm. C. Braisted
Surgeon-General of the U. S. Navy

Rupert Blue
Surgeon-General, U. S. Public Health Service

HOW THEY FIGHT FOR US

THEY'VE GOT HIM

SIX human stories of how six different agencies fight to protect us from disease—with six personal suggestions, which may be valuable to you

WHAT he did was to steal a recipe for some patent medicine—he did not even acquire it honestly in the first place. Then he set about manufacturing the concoction. He claimed, on the label of the bottle, that it was beneficial for—and implied that it was curative of—consumption.

He did a perfectly wonderful business—showing that a large number of Americans still believe in magic potions. Reading the extravagant claims made by the manufacturer for his "discovery," that it would bring marvellous good health to people afflicted with almost any disease in general, and one of the worst of diseases in particular, they accepted it as true. Furthermore, many who took the medicine believed they actually were benefited, and wrote "testimonials" to this effect. The manufacturer received so many of these letters that he almost got to believe in the stuff himself

A Field Investigator of the Bureau of Chemistry of the United States Department of Agriculture heard of this "marvellous remedy." It got to his attention through the case of an Italian woman who had a consumptive daughter. Rather than send her to a reputable sanatorium, the mother had chosen to believe in the superstitions of this bottled magic, until the consumption had become so far advanced that the daughter's life could not be saved. The Investigator took a sample of the medicine to his local laboratory. laboratories of the Bureau are scattered all over the United States—and there had the ingredients examined. It was found that the "fat" which the medicine claimed to contain and which was supposed to be so important in the building up of the system was mineral oil, impossible of human digestion; that otherwise the patent medicine was some simple combination of minor ingredients. The laxative oil, which people were thus buying in disguise at a fabulous figure, had, in some cases, brought about a temporary feeling of increased health. (The death certificates which the uncured diseases had created were not on record!)

The manufacturer had become rich—in one of the meanest ways on earth, by the exploitation of illness and ignorance. He was given a hearing before local officials, as a result of which after the necessary further investigations—the Department of Justice prosecuted the man. It won the case against him.

Sometimes it is a "teething syrup"—the making of soothing syrups is a favorite way of preying upon ignorant and helpless babies—or it may be an adulteration of gelatin—with glue, or the canning of rotten tomatoes, or a misbranded "soft" drink, or a "female regulator," or a "Bilious Man's Friend"—but sooner or later the Bureau of Chemistry gets after the rascal.

The public must be protected from its own credulity. As an official of the Bureau says, "Cures for consumption, cancer, and all sorts of important diseases, are not to be found through newspaper advertisements of patent medicines, nor in bottles turned out by wily and unscrupulous money-getters.

The agents of Uncle Sam are on guard, but you must help too.

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MEN REBUILT

ANY physical disability disqualifying lumbermen for work in the great forests of the Northwest, when the Allies in the making of airplanes were calling for spruce and more spruce, was of supreme importance. Every possible man was needed. Mile after mile of the most virulent jungle in North America had to be cleared, and railroads built over difficult canyons and through deep cuts with hardly more than bare hands to do it with.

As an example of the way the Spruce Production Division men worked out there, take the case of two brothers. They were "huge men like the demigods of legend," so the account runs. "They were fallers and expert axmen, and they were sent out to cut piling and other timber for the bridge construction. They could not grasp the idea of military precision, and were always late for evening retreat; they regularly made their day from 11 to 13 hours long. Finally the officer asked them why. "Well," said one of them, "we finished the work in that section. We thought we'd better cut the last few trees so no one need waste time going back —an hour or so doesn't matter to us." Good woodsmen said that no two men could do what these claimed to have done. So their cuttings were officially checked. It was found that they had cut every tree they said they had; that is, they had done five or six good men's work!"

In the "topping" of the trees, for the huge blocks and tackle through which the long cables passed on their way from the drum of the donkey engine out into the woods, one climber went up 180 feet, trimming the fir branches as he went, and finally harnessing himself to the tree body which at that point was 22 inches in diameter, deftly chopped off the green top. When the top went off, the tree snapped back and vibrated to and fro, with the little wood chopper clinging on for dear life!

Among such hard-working men, over-strain and hernia were frequent. Furthermore, a good many of those assigned to the Spruce Production Division were "limited service" men, unable to qualify physically for Overseas service. These men were anxious to be put in shape to go across. So the doctors went to work. As a sample, in one three-month period alone, they performed 323 operations for hernia, with excellent results. The men were given ample time to recover and not put on strenuous work at once—and never of course allowed to wrestle with logs—but in time they became very strong and practically as good as new; that is, previously invalided men were made permanently well.

Among civilians, it depends upon each individual's own wisdom and initiative as to whether he shall go through life semi-invalided and constantly endangered from hernia, or whether by a very safe and simple operation, he shall be made—like the Spruce Division men—strong and whole.

A NAVAL OFFICER'S STORY

WE WERE cruising along the Mississippi, and had put in at one of the ports on the river. I was a medical officer, and happened to be on recruiting duty at the time. I remember the occasion very distinctly, for the reason that I recruited a young fellow on whom I took a particularly big chance.

He was from the swamps of Mississippi—washed out, pallid, languid. His speech was drawling and lacking in force. In the Sick Bay (the room for medical examination) he leaned against my desk, in a manner showing a decided lack of energy.

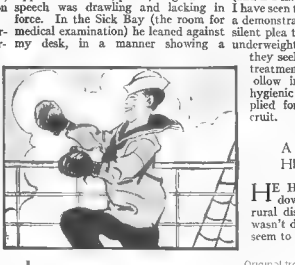
I found him underweight, to an extent which disqualified him for the service. When a man is markedly underweight, there is always a reason for it. Too often the reason is active or latent tuberculosis. But I had had considerable experience with these Southern fellows; I found no other physical defects—his lungs seemed to be sound—and in this case I believed the condition to be a remediable one. I decided to use my own personal judgment on the case, and to obtain for him a "waiver," so that he might enter the service in spite of his condition.

On account of the fact that he was a striking case, and because I had recruited him, I took a special interest in following up the boy's history. Three months later I saw him.

He was hardly recognizable. He had gained twenty-five pounds, there was a pink in his cheeks, and he had an energy that was astounding. He was jumping all over the deck, wanting to handle every line he saw, full of pep and ginger—and as I learned, not only wanting to handle everything on his round of duties in the morning, but eager to handle men with the gloves in the afternoon bouts.

As soon as it had been possible to make a full bacteriological examination, his case had been diagnosed as hookworm, and measures taken at once to get the parasites out of his system—a more or less simple procedure. Other than that, he had had no special medical attention. His health had built up from regular hours, fresh air, prescribed exercises, wholesome food and enough of it—and food prepared under sanitary conditions, which is not always true of the cooking in the South—and plenty of sleep.

This is the story of just one boy, whom we happened to recruit from the swamps of Mississippi, but through it (and if I have seen one case of this sort I have seen thousands), the Navy makes a demonstration to all civilians. It is a silent plea to men and women who are underweight and lacking in energy, that they seek medical examination, and treatment if necessary, and then follow in their own lives such a hygienic regimen as the Navy supplied for this particular risky recruit.



A RED CROSS HEALTH CENTRE

HE HAD a little old farm, way down in Cumberland County, a rural district of Maine. The farm wasn't doing very well. He couldn't seem to

(Continued on Page 78)

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Although he was born in a bamboo hut set on posts

MEMGUMBAN GETS THE IDEA

By Walter B. Pitkin

Illustrated by N. C. Wyeth

LISTEN to the tale of Memgumban, American citizen with a question mark, and what happened when Uncle Sam got after him without any question mark.

Memgumban was a perfect gentleman according to his lights. Being born in a bamboo hut set on posts above a marsh on Illana Bay, in Mindanao, he early acquired the customs of the country, which, some seventeen years ago, were distinctly Moro. Being the brightest boy in the village, he followed said customs with vim and ingenuity. On his eleventh birthday he kicked a perfectly nice little girl into the pool behind the *dato's* house and stood around until the old crocodile of the pool performed an act of benevolent assimilation on the little girl. Then he went home and tattooed his arm as the hill men do when they "get their man." Then and there began the woes of Memgumban.

The *dato* gave Memgumban a terrible beating. Not because he objected to crocodiles eating little girls! Oh, never! But he knew that the hated Americans down at Zamboanga would get wind of the banquet and set a watch on the village and make life miserable for all Moros, who could then do nothing more reckless than to sit around and listen to time passing. Memgumban, learning all this between the thumps, conceived a deep hatred for the Americans.

Nor was his grudge softened on the day when three boats of Americans came up the bay, on the trail of some robbers, and camped for the night in his village. One of the soldiers pointed at him and said to his officer: "That's the little devil who pushed a girl into the crocodile last month." The officer took Memgumban's ear and said: "We don't like little boys who do such things. I was going to take you along with me back in the hills, to show me the trails. And I would have paid you well. But now I cannot. I shall find some other boy. But if you stay good for a long time, maybe I shall give you a chance again."

Bitter was Memgumban's heart, as the company vanished hillward. And sore was his back, for the *dato* had bamblooed him again; after which he set the erring youth at work preparing *vino* to sell to the soldiers when they came back. Memgumban was loath to aid in thus contributing to the joy and comfort of the hated Americans, but he changed his mind after sampling the *vino*. He took the smallest sip of it and concluded, even as you would, that it would have been a splendid rat poison but for the fact that no self-respecting rat would touch it. And he learned from the *dato* that the stuff must be sold in secrecy, for the Lieutenant would punish terribly anybody caught slipping it to soldiers. Thereupon Memgumban threw himself into the work with ardor and added to the spoiled cocoanut milk, which is the basis of *vino* out there, a little of every liquid thing he could find around the village.

After many days, back came the Americans, with the robbers well lashed. They camped on the rim of the village, and by moon-up Memgumban, lurking in a thicket had sold eleven bottles of his *vino*. As he was slipping the twelfth to a thirsty giant who had tossed his coin into the thicket, Memgumban observed lively doings in the camp. Certain of his customers were cracking one anothers' skulls with their rifle butts, while others stood around and whooped. Memgumban was pondering over the peculiar social customs of white people, when something hard closed around his neck and jerked him from his thicket.

It was the Lieutenant. The one who had scolded him about the crocodile affair.

"You brown devil?" said he. "Poisoning my men, eh! We'll give you a lesson—"

Memgumban wished no education. He swung a bottle at the officer's head, swift as only a Moro can move. As the Lieutenant lurched limply and shrivelled up on the grass, Memgumban struck out for the high hills. He was disinclined to meet his *dato* in open debate on the question of thumping American officers with bottles.

Every Moro is half man, half fish. Drive him from surf and reef, and you outrage the better half of him. And a spirit thus outraged grows very sour in time. Memgumban back in the steamy hills was unhappy. The hills were sadly unimproved real estate. Trees full of pythons. Jungles swarming with nasty little hill dwarfs who blew poisoned arrows at you as a pastime. Mosquitoes that poisoned a fellow like smallpox. Crocodiles with no manners. No fine fish. No lazy beaches to stretch one's legs on and doze. No lime for the chewing of betel nut. And very, very lonely. That is, except for the terrible Americans, who kept hot on Memgumban's trail. Month in, month out, every day was moving day, thanks to those fellows. Memgumban couldn't drop in on a village without being interviewed by the Committee of Information, which told him that the price the Americans had set on him, dead or alive, made him a most attractive proposition. Generally Memgumban was quicker with the *kris* and got back into the jungle with a mere scratch or two. But his soul fermented worse than the *vino* he had sold, and the hate he bore all Americans became a fearful and wonderful hate.

This hide-and-seek kept up several years. It made a man of Memgumban, strange to say. It gave him a cunning beyond the cunning of Moros. It made him feel important. It familiarized him with every trail, every brook, every hill village of all Mindanao. It taught him half a hundred dialects. And it thickened his tremendous thighs and arms so that he might have faced a gorilla without fear. All of which led him to High Destiny one morning on Davao Bay, when he came upon Hsui Hsen, famous Chinese slaver and dope peddler. Hsui Hsen was pushing through the cogon grass with twenty sodden hillmen in chains behind him; and he was sorely in need of Help, Male. For the hilimen were beginning to sober up, and the American patrol boat off shore was tooting a signal. Then and there Memgumban got his first steady job and began to rise.

Hsui Hsen knew of his helper by repute, and he learned much more about him in the following months. Thus it came to pass, after a year, that Hsui Hsen took on Memgumban as full partner and found fair wives for him and set him up in a little village of his own, with slaves and satellites. And, as Memgumban grew rich by raiding the hill villages and peddling opium, he began to turn the tables on the hated Americans. In the eighth year of his exile from his beloved sea, whose strands he scarcely dared visit, because

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"Ah! If he hurts a man as the little finger of my captain," Mem gumban screamed, "I strike you to an ant hill." And he leaped at the Chinaman with his kris

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of the accursed patrol boats, he brought home the heads of three American constabularymen; and great was the joy in the village. In the ninth year, Memgumban looted three of those patrol boats, as they snaked up a river, then scuttled them.

Hsui Hsen brought news that this raid had vexed the Americans. "Coming through Butuan the other day," said he to Memgumban, "I came upon a band of them. And they cursed me. But of you they said: 'Tell the dog Memgumban, him who struck down our Lieutenant back on Illana Bay, that soon we shall catch him. And we shall stake him on top the tallest ant hill in Mindanao, and when his bones are cleaned, we shall whittle them into toothpicks for ourselves?'"

Memgumban laughed. "Let them rage. Their day is brief. Even now I am planning to drive all their evil race from our island. I have wealth now, Hsui Hsen. I have powerful friends. I know our people will join me in wiping out these invaders."

"I have long waited for you to say this." Hsui Hsen smiled. "You are the man to do it. And I am the one to help you. Ask me for anything, and you shall have it. I have powerful friends on China Coast who wish to see these Americans driven out too. Go to the work, Memgumban. But, **cautiously**, good friend. For these **Americans never** sleep and cannot forget. And their wealth is beyond belief, as is their cunning."

"Even this night," said Memgumban, "I am **going to my** wives' parents on Illana Bay, to arrange a mighty blow. I shall——"

"Do not tell me." Hsui Hsen lifted a quick finger. "For the Americans have eyes and ears everywhere except inside your own head and mine."

That night, the now great Memgumban slipped off to Illana Bay, to carry out the rebellion. He had shaped all details in these years of waiting and hiding. He would get the eighteen *datos* of the Samal Laut to smuggle in the guns Hsui Hsen could buy in Shanghai, and they—

But further details are needless. For, as Memgumban, well disguised, crawled into the first village on his route, four hardboiled yeggs of the Old Constabulary dropped upon him; and when he came to he was in the bottom of a sleek motor boat, a bone in her teeth and a crackling flag at the tip of her tail as she scooted for Zamboanga, where the Americans who do not sleep and cannot forget sit in judgment.

They hauled Memgumban into a vast, cool room before a man and a woman. The woman gestured toward a chair, and a hard-boiled yegg ordered Memgumban to sit down. Memgumban eyed the chair suspiciously and decided that it was a cunning instrument of torture, perhaps a trap in which to lock him, the better to carry him off to the ant hill that awaited him. He refused to sit down.

The woman smiled and, in slow, halting Malay, said: "You are the famous Memgumban!"

Memgumban eyed her uncertainly. The odd white-and-rose beauty of her skin! The strange softness of her clasped hands! Yet she talked to him as man to man. What was she doing in this Government building anyhow?

"The one who struck down Captain Everett with a bottle?" she went on politely.

"I struck down no such Captain." Memgumban shot back, as he recalled his victim had been a Lieutenant. What if he could establish an alibi?

"I was a Lieutenant in those days, Gertrude." The man at the other end of the desk spoke up. "Don't remember me, do you, Memgumban? Guess I wouldn't recognize you either. They tell me you're a giant. Step up nearer and let me feel your arms."

Memgumban gazed hard at the man. A tall, gaunt form he was. His face was a strange calm, an uncanny calm like that of those weird cities of coral which Memgumban had often visited under Sulu Sea. It was the calm of sunless places, where Life fears to bestir itself lest it stumble and fall. Over the eyes ran a glowering scar down a valley of sunken **bones**. Yes, it was now plain to Memgumban that they had **brought** him here, only that his victim might identify him before they led him to the ant hill. He did not resent the punishment; he would have sent to the ants any man who had robbed him of sight.

"Beggin' yer pardon, Cap," spoke up a hardboiled yegg, "but the boys ast me to ask you, sir, if you wouldn't please turn this devil over to them for a little third degree work. You know those old pals of ourn he killed and beheaded. Well, we want a confession and then——"

"Sorry, Bill." The blind Captain set his lips. "But those days are over. We'll han**dle him the new** way."

"See here, Cap. Why, damn it all, that aint right." blurted the hard**boiled one.** "He don't deserve it."

"I know how you feel, boys." The Captain smiled. "I used to feel so myself. But since I've been in the dark, I see better than I used to. The new way's best in the long run. Well, Memgumban, you've led us a merry chase. You're the smartest

LINCOLN

IN AMERICA, in the year eighteen hundred nine, a prince of the people was born. Swiftly through the night, the Spirit of America traveled to carry him gifts.

"I shall give him the height and serenity of my mountains. He will tower above all men. They shall see him and know him.

"Into his arms I will put the sinewy strength of the branches of the trees of the forest. They will be gentle enough to cradle a race and powerful enough to crush a giant.

"His eyes will see me always in a vision. He will follow my call.

"I shall give him the heart of a people. It will beat true with theirs.

"I shall make him the gift of simplicity. He will think directly, speak clearly, live simply. The people shall see and understand and know themselves, simple pilgrims of the earth, fulfilling the destiny of mankind.

"I shall endow him with faith. He will love all people, believe in all people. His faith in them will renew their faith in themselves and they will be redeemed.

"I shall give him the wisdom of Time that has formed me, for I, the Spirit of America, am as old as the world and as young as this baby.

"Into his soul, I shall pour gold in its purity and iron in its strength. So he shall stand as a man in the day of his trial.

"A glorious task I lay upon this child. He shall teach the brotherhood of man. He shall hold fast to the faith of the Fathers. He shall live for me, die triumphantly for me."

So Lincoln was born. So Lincoln died, true to America.

He held out his hand to those who stumbled and fell. He was brother to the slave in the market place. His heart went out to the soldier wearied on the march. He understood those who misunderstood.

He lived out the vision "with malice toward none, with charity for all." He was America. He is America, America, Brother to all the World.

A. P.

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Moro in Mindanao, no mistake. You're the only one with brains enough to scheme a new rebellion."

"What liar has said this of me?" Memgumban bared his betel-black teeth. He had mentioned that rebellion to no soul save Hsui Hsen and a few of his nearest relatives.

"But you didn't have quite enough brains to do the cleverest thing." The Captain went on calmly. "You ought to be much better off than you are. You ought to be rich and respected. You're the right sort of man, but in bad. It isn't your fault, I guess. So Uncle Sam is going to give you a chance to get right. He's sending you to San Ramon. You'll like it there. Just do as they tell you, and you'll come along fine. Good-bye and good luck!"

HE felt his way around the desk, seized Memgumban's hand, and shook it. And before Memgumban could imagine what it all meant, the hard-boiled yeggs had him in an automobile, and they were rushing over a glorious palm-fringed road that glimpsed the beloved sea. Memgumban was straining his wits to divine who Uncle Sam was and what he was going to do to him, when the auto whisked through a marvelous cocoanut grove and halted before a red tiled building in the midst of a splendid park.

"This is surely the palace of the great *Dato* Sam," mused Memgumban, as he observed hundreds of men moving about under the trees and in immense gardens farther off. And he looked anxiously around for the ant hill to which they were going to tie him.

Then the hardboiled yegg who had hold of his chains gave them a frightful twist, cursed him, and dragged him out. The other hardboiled yeggs showed their teeth, while one of them said in mellow Malay: "You've given us the slip again, bo. But just you wait! We'll get you yet!" followed by a number of words not Malay and generally not printed.

Some days later a very much flabbergasted gentleman sat beneath a cocoanut palm beside a new acquaintance, one Antonio Rizal, barber, and struggled to figure the lay of the land. Memgumban thought he knew every spot in Mindanao and all about it, but he had never heard, save vaguely, of the Americans' great prison at San Ramon. In this respect, he was on a par with a hundred million other Americans, who have the peculiar habit of not letting their left hand know what their right hand is doing. He had supposed San Ramon to be the usual prison, like the old Bilibid at Manila, where, in the days of the Spaniards, men were locked in windowless pits below the sea and eaten by rats while they slept. But this real San Ramon! It was plainly some monstrous trick. It concealed some terrible torture. For outwardly it was lovelier than the Paradise of Mohammed.

They had given him a neat room and a clean bed. They had turned him loose with other so-called prisoners in the glorious grove, where a teacher instructed them all in the art of growing cocoanuts. They had put him to work in the garden and shown him many amazing tricks of raising fruits and vegetables. And at the day's end they brought him to a dining hall and served —Allah! what food! On Illana Bay, Memgumban had cooked fish in one and only one way; he would split the creature and lay it out in the sun to dry, which induced the outer layer to rot vividly, whereupon he would scrape off the infamy and eat the rest. But here at San Ramon, what miracles the cooks worked with the very small fish! And all those vegetables!

"It hides some evil." Memgumban said to Antonio. "These American dogs did not chase me for years, just to catch me and give me mackerel and camotes. But what are they up to?"

The barber laughed mysteriously. "This fine food," he whispered, "is poisoned! It is the poison of leprosy. Years after you leave here, you will come down sick and never know what smote you."

"Ahi!" Memgumban sucked in air. He did not like lepers. He had seen the Americans once packing lepers off to the colony at Culion; all in all, the ant hill was better than leprosy. The ants are so much quicker!

"Others are poisoned with smallpox. Mark you! In a few days, they will take you and all of us to the doctor's, and he will scratch the poison into your arm, pretending with a smile that he is warding off the disease. Many's the man I've seen come from San Ramon, looking well and happy, and within a few years' time fall prey to the *viruelas*. A pleasant den they've brought you to, my poor friend!"

Memgumban tried to dismiss the horror. It was too loathsome. But a few days later, sure enough!—they herded the men to the doctor's house, and the doctor scratched all their arms with a little stick and spoke even as Antonio had said he would. The barber nodded triumphantly, as they came away. Memgumban said nothing, but back in the shadows of the cocoanut grove he swore that, before the American poison had stricken him, he would strike back at these fiends. And he wrote a letter to his favorite wife to tell Hsui Hsen to visit him as soon as possible.

SOME days later, while Memgumban was toiling among the cocoanuts, up came Captain Everett and his wife Gertrude. They greeted him as an old friend and asked if all went well with him.

"You think you deceive me with your pleasant words." Memgumban showed his teeth. "But I know why you sent me here. You have poisoned me, but I shall strike back!"

"Ah, yes," the blind man nodded. "You mean the little stick the doctor scratched you with?"

"You know, of course!" Memgumban sneered. "You made the poison."

"I'm not smart enough," laughed the Captain. "But I do know that I need some of it myself. It is a poison, but not the sort you think. Come with us and watch the doctor poison me."

Now Memgumban, unlike the average Malay and Oriental, had that precious itch which men call curiosity. So, in spite of himself, he went along and watched the vaccinating. And he listened to the Captain as he explained what the poison did.

"The Americans are clever liars," he shrugged his shoulders.

"Very well," the Captain laughed. "Now let me tell you why I came up to see you to-day. Recall Baras, that village up near your old home on Illana Bay? Well, some friends of mine will soon start a big cocoanut plantation near it. I told them about you, and they sent me to ask you to come and work for them as soon as you have learned all about cocoanuts and gardening here. They will make you chief of the three plantation villages. They will give you a fine house and five servants and a motor boat, and they will pay you one hundred gold dollars on the first day of each month. Will you come, in a year or two, if I can get you out of here!"

Memgumban looked hard at the Captain's wife. She was smiling. Then he sneered again. "Another trick! I do not see through it, but I smell it and shall not walk into it."

With that he walked off brusquely, while Gertrude said to her husband: "Dear boy, we're moving too fast with him. Better give him another six months here, before you ask him again."

"I'm afraid you're right," sighed the blind man. "Take me to the superintendent, honey. I want to tell him some things about the chap."

AS for Memgumban, he joined Antonio, the barber, and told him of these strange Americans lies. The barber chuckled, then leered: "But my dear friend, I see they have poisoned you with something worse than leprosy and smallpox. They have made you *latah*."

"Eh! Me *latah?*" Memgumban snarled. "How so now?" And a profound fury possessed him. He knew what a *latah* victim was. Only Malays go *latah*. It is a kind of insanity in which they ape all sights and sounds about them. It is a most embarrassing affliction. The little children use you as a free show. They make faces at you, and you make them back. They sing out silly things, and you echo them vacantly. For a man of dignity and high repute, it is the most debasing of all fates.

"Why," said Antonio. "There you stood with this fiend *Americano*, alone far out in the grove. You could have throttled him while his wife shrieked five times. Or you could have throttled her first, to quiet her, and then the blind man. And what did you do? You talked with them in a friendly way, because they talked so to you. So it goes with most of the wretches in this prison. Notice how they all act sweet toward the Americans? Almost have they become Americans. They ape American ways. Even stern old *datos* do! They are all monkeys and parrots to these foreigners! Evil days!"

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Memgumban, back in the steamy hills, was unhappy, full of pythons, jungles swarming with nasty little hill

"If he comes again, I shall slay him on sight," raged Memgumban.

Hsui Hsen came at length in a magnificent American automobile. He listened to Memgumban patiently, then said: "Rizal is a fool. The Americans are not poisoning you. They are too clever. They have mastered the art of turning men against their own kind. They bribe and coax. It was they who won over my old servant Mimbi. He joined one of their accursed religions, then listened to you and me and reported your rebellion to the American missionaries at Butuan. And they reported to this Captain Everett, who is the sharpest eye in all the land, though blind. A man of unbelievable cunning."

"I slay him on sight," foamed Memgumban.

"Not if you wish great success and freedom," said Hsui Hsen. "I have greater plans for you."

"If they crush these Americans, I will listen to them."

"They will." Hsui Hsen looked cautiously about for eavesdroppers. "In another few months there will be a great war on the world's other side. My friends in Shanghai say so. They wish then to cause these Americans as much trouble as possible. I have told them of you, and they stand ready to back your great rebellion."

"But I am a prisoner here," moaned Memgumban.

"Captain Everett really wants you to go up to that plantation near Baras. He wants you to be his friend and help him get rich. Now do you play the game of friendship with him. Learn your English speech better. Seek the post at the plantation. Do whatever Everett wishes. Then listen! Listen as *baboi*, the wild hog, listens in the jungle night. The Americans talk much of their plans. Their wives chatter. There is much you must learn about the Americans' plans, their powder supplies, and other things.

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The hills were sadly unimproved real estate. Trees dwarfs who blew poisoned arrows at you as a pastime

Communicate all this only to me. Send word through old Rizal, the barber, when you have news. He will soon be out of here. When the hour is ripe, we shall deliver you from this bondage. And then you shall strike!"

A new light shone in Memgumban's face. "I shall so do," he rumbled.

Thus Memgumban became the model prisoner at San Ramon, to the bewilderment of the Superintendent. The Everetts, who came up on the first of every month, were as happy as children over the news.

"I knew he'd come around," said the blind Captain. "He's a Moro in a million. Men have been bringing me all the facts about him ever since he hit me with that bottle. I've put them together a hundred times, and they always spell the same thing. He's ten times the Sultan of Sulu, above the ears. And we're in luck to win him. Time's coming when we'll need him badly. There's something brewing. I wish I knew what. Too much coming and going. Too many strangers dropping in. Too many new guns being seized up country. I don't like it. We've got new enemies somewhere, and it's up to us to win new friends and to treat them on the level as friends. That's why I want to take Memgumban for a little auto ride next Sunday over week end."

"Eh!" the Superintendent babbled.

"A hunch, nothing more," laughed the Captain. "Now don't make me draw diagrams. I'll be responsible for your prisoner."

Now the Superintendent knew of the Captain's hunches, which were famous from Tawi Tawi to Leyte; so he let Memgumban go, much to the scandal of all civilize Mindanao. Hardboiled yeggs prayed for the Everetts. Gossips wept over their untimely end to come. High-up officers raced out to San Ramon and threatened the Superintendent with *(Continued on Page 70)*

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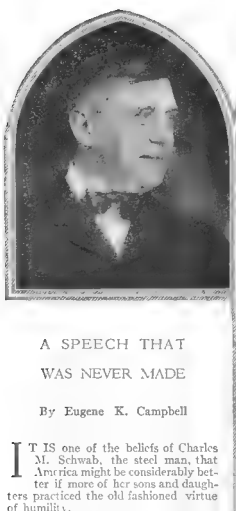
It's mighty good as it is but it ought to be a

BETTER

Some true tales of folks



A SPEECH THAT WAS NEVER MADE

By Eugene K. Campbell

IT IS one of the beliefs of Charles M. Schwab, the steel man, that America might be considerably better if more of her sons and daughters practiced the old fashioned virtue of humility.

Like every man who has built his own place and fortune, it is his custom to speak right up when he is on his own ground and the matter in hand is metals or organization or ships or any one of the subjects which he understands through and through. But the suddenness with which authority falls from him when the topic or occasion is another man's, would print well in the pages of a text-book for the emulation of the youth of the land.

Last autumn when Cardinal Mercier was a visitor in this country the Pennsylvania Society had him as their guest at luncheon in a New York hotel. Mr. Schwab, who is president of the society, acted as toastmaster, and so it was in order for him to deliver the speech of welcome and appreciation.

He put a good deal of thought and preparation into it, and after consulting with some other foremost Pennsylvanians decided that it would not be improper to let the Cardinal know the precise extent to which Pennsylvania, with her great resources in iron and steel, had been able to further the principal business of the war. This was not out of keeping with his notion of the necessity for humility; it was his aim to do justice to the people of his State and, in the recital of what they had been able to do convey to their guest a sense of special warmth in their welcome.

He had never met Cardinal Mercier before the day of the luncheon and they were introduced in a reception room fifteen minutes before it began. The Cardinal had then been in this country about five weeks. Men standing about who had met him before and had seen the effect he made on every person or audience he spoke to observed with interest while he and Mr. Schwab moved to a corner together and fell into earnest talk.

Afterward from the head of the speakers table Mr. Schwab delivered this succinct masterpiece:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: I am going to hold you only long enough to-day to lay the foundation for a confession and then make the confession.

"In the steel business we learn two lessons early. One is preparation. The other is that if, after you have designed and built something, putting time and toil and money into it, only to discover when it is all set up that it won't do—scrap it and forget it. So much for foundation; now for confession.

"There are friends of mine who have been kind enough to tell me they thought me a good extemporaneous speaker. Somebody's been trifling with them—never mind who. Let me confess that every after-dinner speech I ever made was the result of painful preparation, and that one I brought here in my pocket to-day cost me long hours of effort. You are not to hear it, because it is in a waste-paper basket in a room outside. I threw it there after I had talked for fifteen minutes to the great priest and patriot who honors us as our guest to-day. Ladies and gentlemen—His Eminence, Cardinal Mercier of Belgium."

The men and women present, nearly all of them of the preferred walks of life, and not at all the manner of audience that is stirred easily, applauded, a little bewildered—and presently forgot Mr. Schwab. For their guest arose and smiled at them and said that he too would detain them only briefly. Then he talked to them for an hour and a half. He spoke to them quite simply of Belgium and her sorrows and his share in them, and an imperishable spiritual victory and his share in that. And when he had concluded they stood shouting and cheering, restored once more to the faith of their childhood; that in the long reckoning honesty and truth and justice must inevitably prevail in this world.

Schwab while they were still uproarious plucked a friend by the coat sleeve:

"And they wanted me to tell him Bill, how many guns we sent. I wonder if there are now who sent the guns or how many thousand guns there were so long -thank God -as they got there."

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If you love your country you'll want to help it

AMERICA

and things that show a people's heart

A FRIEND IN DEED

By Van Vechten Hostetter

SAMUEL ORNER, of Germantown, an outlying section of Philadelphia, is here seen laughing at the idea of being photographed merely because he did a week's work to earn an outing at the seashore and then gave the outing to a friend of his. The friend is accustomed to give his own earnings to his mother, who needs them, so Sammy attended to that also.

Sammy is a member of the Germantown Boy's Club and a mascot of the club's "Varsity" baseball team. Among the club's institutions is a Summer hotel at Ocean City, where every boy may go for a week and send his mother and sister, too, if he earns the money to pay the hotel bill, $6.00 a week a person—which is very reasonable, as anyone who has visited the seashore will agree.

Sammy earned his $6.00 by helping conduct the swimming pool at the Germantown clubhouse, and had a glorious week at Ocean City.

On returning he asked to repeat the entire performance, which would hardly do, because other boys wanted the opportunity. "I don't want to go to the shore again myself," Sammy explained. "I only want to work and give the money to Jimmy and let him go. He can't afford it. He works down at the drug store. His boss will give him a week off for vacation, and pay too, but he has to give the pay to his folks, because they need it."

So Sammy was allowed to work and Jimmy's mother got the money for it and he had his outing at the shore.

Sammy is the only boy in the club who has worked for a seashore sojourn for a friend, but scores of his fellows have done as much for mothers and sisters. The lads see to it that their "women folks" get the benefits of ocean breezes and surf bathing.

The Germantown Boy's Club was founded thirty-two years ago by the Germantown Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the theory being that somebody besides the saloon keepers should be interested in the youths and boys of the community.

The club house, with its spacious grounds, is worth about $125,000. There are playrooms, an auditorium, a gymnasium, indoor and outdoor pools and acres of land on which boys grow vegetables for their own homes and the club's summer hotel. There are a band, an orchestra, a dramatic society, a track team and nineteen baseball nines.

A DREAM COME TRUE

By Jesse E. Moorland

THERE are big moments, great moments, holy moments in the lives of almost every man—perhaps every one, and there has been one in mine, humble as it has been.

It was a moment, too, connected with the greatest event in the history of the colored race in the United States, excepting the Emancipation Proclamation.

I am a colored man, although of mixed blood, and my life work has been among my own people. At one time in this work I was in Chicago, and spent weeks making a study and a survey of the colored population of the city, especially in relation to schools, churches and social conditions. In the course of it I met Mr. L. Wilbur Messer, General Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. in Chicago, and we discussed the possibilities of improvement, which at that time appeared not to be good. A number of years after that Mr. Messer was at the head of the movement to raise $1,000,000 for the extension of the work of the Y. M. C. A. in Chicago. Raising a million dollars in those days was a tremendous project, and perhaps the greatest local project undertaken up to that time.

Mr. Julius Rosenwald was one of the very rich men of the city. Also he was known as public-spirited and especially generous in his donations to charitable and social betterment projects. Naturally Mr. Messer and his assistants approached Mr. Rosenwald to request assistance in their project. They were met with genial kindness but with a polite refusal. The committee was retiring when Mr. Rosenwald, with his pleasant, jocular, but not joking manner remarked: "I'll tell you what I will do. I will give you $25,000 for a building for colored men on the South Side of Chicago, if you will raise $75,000 for the same purpose."

Mr. Messer thanked him warmly but explained that, with the million dollar campaign on, it would be impractical to attempt a subsidiary campaign, but said he would remember the offer later.

The matter stood that way for some time, until in December, 1910, Mr. Messer wrote asking me to come to Chicago and start work on a campaign to raise money to erect a Y. M. C. A. building for colored men. I hurried there, rented a little store at 3330 State Street, put in a desk and went to work, interviewing the leaders, especially the ministers and teachers, and meeting little encouragement until one day Mr. Messer telephoned me saying that Mr. Rosenwald had asked us to take luncheon with him.

That was the day to which I refer as the greatest in the history of the colored race since the Emancipation. Mr. Messer, his secretary, and I met Mr. Rosenwald and his secretary, Mr. Loeb. Mr. Rosenwald is a jolly, wholesome man, vitally interested in many things. After a time he turned to me and talked of the colored people in the United States, showing himself surprisingly well-posted concerning us and our advances and our difficulties. He encouraged me to tell him of the work I had been doing. He is one of those men who compel (*Continued on Page 76*)

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The harmonized perfection, the cadence, of their drill is beautiful

"Americans All" are these men of fourteen nationalities

SOLDIERS OF CITIZENSHIP

How Army Yeast Is Working in the Melting Pot

By Edwin C. Hill

THE get-busy bugle's silvery insistency awakens the little echoes that play among the barracks of the great military city that was Camp Upton. It is like the voice of an eager mother summoning her scattered children.

Immediately I see coming, at run or dog trot, buttoning tunics, settling caps, Enlisted Men Pedro Arnez, Sylvestra Balchunas, Arezio Aurecchio, Jules Boutin, Oasge Christiansen, Kusti Franti, Odilian Gosselim and Walter Hucko.

And with them are Angelo Intilli, Henry Jurk, David King, John Klok, Norman Kormain, Eugene Kristirnsen, Frank Kristopolous, Johannes Lenferink, Fidel Martin, Gurt Mistrioty and Attilio Marzi.

Also in this bunch, swiftly shuffling through the Autumn leaves, are Michael Myatowych, Francisco Pungi, Joseph Roddignol, Michael Semos, Joe Shestak, George Strong, Hendrik Svenningsen and Fritz Wold. They snap themselves into file, chests arching, chins up, shoulders squared, eyes alert, awaiting the first command signal from Second Lieutenant Mike (not Michael, just plain Mike) Glod, and the colonel behind him murmurs with all of the fervor of a good officer and a first-rate, natural-born press agent:

"Look at 'em—I say, look 'em over! They were the ragtag and bobtail of Europe—fourteen different nationalities. Couldn't read or write or speak the English language. The only revolution any of 'em ever heard about was one of those Russian blowouts and the only Washington they might have known anything about was the city and not the general. They simply didn't know beans and didn't want to. Now look at 'em, my boy! I'm here to tell you that in the solid, essential things, without the frills, there aren't any better Americans in the country today than the fourteen varieties in that squad."

As a rule, colonels don't effervesce that way and it occurred to me that there must be something more than hot air in all this bubbling enthusiasm. This much I could perceive even with my civilian ineptness; they were the straightest, trimmest, smartest, keenest and, I think, proudest, looking collection of doughboys that I had ever glimpsed, and I had seen hundreds of thousands the country over.

The second lieutenant, Polish by birth, in this country less than nine years, commissioned from the ranks and the sort of looking lad that West Point at its best turns into the Army, sweeps the locked files with a glance that wouldn't miss a grease spot or a ravelled thread, satisfies himself that the squad is all of a proper piece, barks out half a dozen syllables to the first sergeant and then proceeds, as far as I can note, to interest himself exclusively in the tail spinning of an Army plane thriven, I surmise, by a lad with much confidence in the doctrine of a future life. Thereupon one word, "Command!" explodes from the tightened lips of First Sergeant Joe Shestak, and Messrs. Arnez, Boutin, Marzi, Pungi & Co., begin to drill themselves, giving in perfect unison their

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own commands and in perfect unison physically interpreting their own commands. If some of the portly brigadiers or colonels of twenty years ago, or even ten, who used to sip old-fashioned whiskey cocktails in the Army and Navy Club in the bad, glad old days, while they cussed the worthlessness of "the foreign element" as Regular Army material, could have seen this marvel, somebody would have had to telephone for a doctor, no doubt about it, for old theories in old minds expire with a wrench.

The harmonized perfection, the cadence, of this drill is beautiful. But there is more, much more to it than harmonized physical action. There is intelligence spurred by the new-gained comprehension of personal, individual worth, of individual value. Self-respect is in it. The eagerness of minds swept clean of ignorance and prejudice to accomplish something, to command and hold respect and confidence flashes through every evolution of it. It is fine. It is thrilling. It is American. Little imagination on my part is needed to visualize the enthusiastic face and the emphatically descending fist of him who would certainly have shouted from the sidelines:

"Bully! By Godfrey, that's bully!"

Then, if you please, suppose that Lieut. Mike or his boss, Lieut.-Col. Bernard Lentz of the General Staff, the officer who invented the "Cadence System of Close Order Drill," the drill system which teaches men to love the dreariest routine work the Army knows, the man who hit up on the big idea of making the melting pot really melt—suppose, I say, someone had told Roosevelt that only three months or so ago not one of the squad could speak, much less write, a word of English, or understood any more clearly than a Dyak headhunter what America meant or stood for, or the first thing about the Declaration or the Constitution, or who Patrick Henry was, or Lincoln; and suppose that the man who so loved America could have been told also that every one of the squad is now reasonably fluent in our language, has a rattling good notion of what it means to be an American citizen and is hot to get that revelation into the heads and hearts of the foreigners he so recently sprang from—well, what would have T. R. said then? I leave it to you.

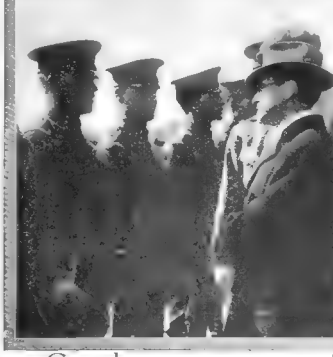
The chances are that his acquisitive and inquisitive mind would have probed to the heart of the Big Idea. He would have been keen to know something about a system which, founded upon sympathy, knowledge of human nature and true democracy, employs education and military discipline to make real Americans out of the rawest materials, out of materials which used to be considered absolutely hopeless only a few years ago. Just this, I shall try to tell.

How long ago was it that Mr. Zangwill's melting pot conceit pleased and interested our American people then so placidly assured of the loyalty of all the foreign-born? It was not so long ago as years run, but an age ago when you think of the political, social and industrial upheavals of and after the Great War. What a comforting conception that was. What a delight to money bags, what a joy to the armchair philosopher, what an inspiration to the ready paragrapher! And yet the notion was nonsense and rather stupid nonsense—not Zangwill's dream in itself, but the hasty acceptance of an ideal as accomplished fact or as fact in the way of certain accomplishment. The Melting Pot, America herself, was there right enough, all ready to bubble and to brew, but nobody knew enough or had thought deeply enough or had energy plus sympathy enough to start the fire and mix the ingredients properly. It was another case of "Let George do it," and George was too busy making money or learning to foxtrot to pay much attention to the biggest job, that the U. S. A. had on hand. It took the peril of war, the threat of national dishonor, the discovery of widespread sedition and the shame and chagrin that burned in the heart of every straightout American citizen over insolent hyphenism to wake the country up.

Then came the draft and four million men were poured into the great training camps to be sorted over. Thereupon the General Staff got a shock that it hasn't yet recovered from, fortunately. It discovered that a fourth of all the young men called to the colors by the Selective Service Act, 24.9 per cent. precisely, were unable to read an American newspaper or write a letter home. They discovered that while thousands of these illiterates were fresh to the country other thousands had been here for years, walled behind foreign ideas, traditions, antipathies and prejudices quite impregnable to American penetration. Just let that fact sink into your mind—that one-fourth of the draft army were illiterate men. And we had been boasting about the triumphs of education and the public school system and the wonderful spread of Americanism in and among these colonies of the foreign born! It was a shock, well enough, and General Staff officers spent sleepless nights over the problem, for none comprehended more surely that it was a peace problem rather than a war worry.

Then the Big Idea came along and the man who evolved it and is still driving it ahead is the Lieut.-Col. Bernard Lentz previously referred to. His notion was that all of the illiterates then cluttering up the army camps and wasting Uncle Sam's time and money could be reclaimed and put to first rate military service by the employment of a very little patience, a good deal of human understanding and the application, within the Army itself, of real democratic principles. He drew up a plan for the establishment of Recruit Educational Centers, submitted it to the Chief of the General Staff, Gen. Peyton C. March, and was told to go ahead. In every camp, development battalions were formed. These battalions were composed of illiterates representing, often in a single battalion, twenty or more nationalities. At the beginning, of course, these men, so thrown together, had nothing in common and scarcely glimpsed the meaning of the only bond they could have in common—Americanism. Their camp talk was a jargon of tongues from the world over and racial differences were commoner than tender corns

Within three months, as a rule, the recruits of these development battalions had been taught by specially detailed officers to speak and write English. They



Secretary Baker and General Peyton C. March talking with some of the products of the Army's Americanizing scheme

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had been taught the rudiments of American history. Every one of them had a pretty clear understanding of the part played by great American statesmen and soldiers—what these men stood for in democracy and the development of government to guard liberty and protect the people. They could talk to each other, exchange ideas with each other. They were thrilled by the new, common experience; the new common knowledge. That was it: for the first time they had something in common, and it was a big something; it was, primarily, language, then understanding of what Americanism meant, then a real urge to spread the fine, new thing among their own people when the time should come.

I once saw two such companies in the very throes of renationalization. Company A was in the schoolroom, big children poring over spelling books, scrawling compositions, reading primers. Company B was out drilling under the cadence system. That was the way they worked it for a six-hour day—A Company spending an hour over its A B C's, then an hour at drill, taking B Company's place each hour. When A was at school you could have seen a row of anxious-faced lads learning to read and write the alphabet. These were the beginners. Another row was engaged in reading aloud individually or collectively as called upon by the officer in charge. Another row was practicing handwriting and so on. And the thing that hit me then, as it did again the other day when I observed another such company of earnest, eager boys, all splendidly responsive to the interest they felt was being taken in them, was their ardent absorption in the school work. You could see that they were burning to learn and that back of their zeal was their delight over being accepted and treated, not as Poles or Lithuanians, or Greeks or Slovaks, but as Americans, men worth initiating into the simple mysteries of Americanism.

The same fine zeal and spirit was observable at the drill grounds where Col. Lentz's cadence system was giving another company the mental uplift (for that is precisely what it was), of individual initiative in drill. In the days of the close order drill of the United States Infantry Regulations, the old hayfoot, strawfoot system, every order had to come from company or squad commander. The men were automatons under rigid manipulation. Lentz evolved a drill system by which the men give themselves the actual commands and instantly execute them. Take this example just to show how the scheme works: The instructor first cautions: "The squad will command right face and execute it." After a moment he adds: "Command!" Thereupon every soldier in the squad gives the order "Right Face!", counts "One," raises himself slightly upon his left heel with the assistance of a slight pressure upon the ball of the right foot, then counts "Two" and snaps the left foot smartly to the side of the right. The "cadence" of this business must be seen to be appreciated. It gives the recruit a sort of stirring zest in drill since he himself is giving orders. Army officers who were afraid that Lentz's cadence scheme was a little too much like the go as you please evolutions of a Soviet guard have been converted and are its warmest advocates as a factor in the whole big job of making Americans out of foreign scraps.

The man behind the idea, Lieut. Col. Bernard C. Lentz. A "hustler from Hustlerville" is the description of him

How did it work in the Selective Army? Great. From the time that the men were first sent to the big camps until the Armistice was signed the Army rejected 250,000 men as impossible material. That is, the Army picked out 250,000 men who couldn't understand orders or read a word of English and who seemed stupid for that very reason, and gave them up as a bad job. Events were so pressing, the necessity of swift training was so pressing, that the Army estimated there would not be time enough to do anything with this mentally and physically awkward squad which was ten times as big as the whole Regular Army used to be. They were written off as a total loss. Lentz and his fellow workers thought differently and they were beautifully right, for by the time the Kaiser skipped to Holland and the German machine was running backward, more than 125,000 of these rejected soldiers had been restored to active duty, most of them going overseas and into the big fight, more than 90,000 were thriving under the application of the Big Idea and only 37,000 had been discharged as physically or mentally incompetent to the point where effort was a plain waste of time. In other words, the Lentz system saved 213,000 men from the junk heap and set them up as self-respecting Americans and future propagandists of Americanism in their own communities of foreign born. Put it another way: the Big Idea was 85 per cent. successful even in the stress and hurry and drive of war.

When the war was over and the Army was disappearing in demobilization, Col. Lentz determined that the idea was too big, too meaty with future possibilities for the happiness and prosperity of the United States at peace, to throw away. He made up his mind that the only melting pot guaranteed to melt is the United States Army. So the Colonel had another chat with Gen. March and the Secretary of War and received authorization to continue the plan with new recruits. It took new legislation to make continuance possible, for under the old Act of 1894, regulating enlistments in the United States Army, it was forbidden to enlist men in time of peace who could not speak, read or write the English language. The General Staff managed to show Congress that this barnacle was a relic of the old musty, dusty days when the idea was current in and out of the Regular Army that the foreign born simply didn't belong in uniform. The Staff got busy and Lentz went to work.

Shortly after May 1, 1919, he started the first Army peace school for illiterate recruits. There was only a handful at first. Now, according to figures supplied to me by Capt. A. E Heeter, Adjutant at Upton, there are 607 recruits in the Upton Americanization school and the number includes thirty nationalities. Running rapidly through the list you would observe the names of Armenians, Argentinians, Bulgarians, Brazilians, Belgians, Austrians, Cubans, Chileans, Costa Ricans, Canadians, Central Americans of several (*Continued on Page 75*)

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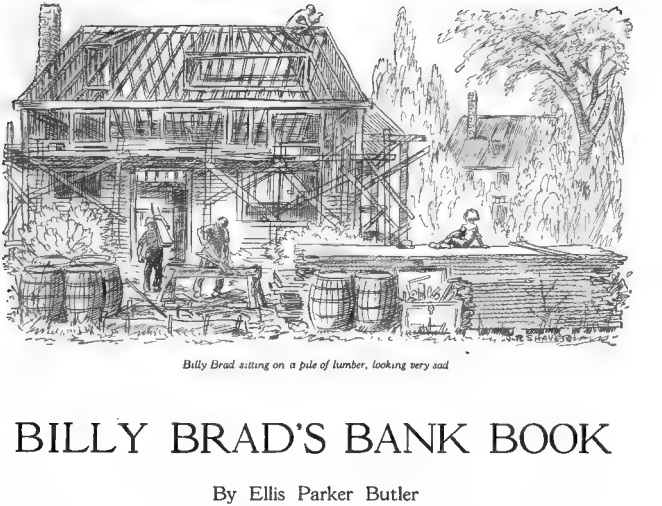

Billy Brad sitting on a pile of lumber, looking very sad

BILLY BRAD'S BANK BOOK

By Ellis Parker Butler

Author of "Pigs is Pigs"

Illustrated by J. R. Shaver

ONE morning in July, Billy Brad was six years old and Uncle Peter Henry, who was quite bald and wore big spectacles with real tortoise shell rims and who looked as wise as an owl, gave Billy Brad a big, round, shining, new silver dollar.

This made Billy Brad very happy and he thought he would keep the big round dollar in his hand all the rest of his life, or at least until he had enough more dollars to buy a pony and a cart but, that very afternoon, when Uncle Peter Henry came walking up the street he saw Billy Brad sitting on a pile of lumber, looking very sad.

The lumber was near the sidewalk, in the front of the lot next to Billy Brad's home, and it had been put there because Mr. Jones, the grocery man, was having a house built. The house had been building for several weeks and Billy Brad loved to watch the men at work on it, sawing boards and driving nails and making long, curly shavings with their planes. He felt specially interested in this new house because it was so near his own house, and because Mr. Jones, the grocery man, was the grocery man who sold groceries to Billy Brad's mother, and Billy Brad knew him quite well. Very often, when Mr. Jones brought the groceries, Billy Brad would say: "Hello, Mr. Jones!" and Mr. Jones would say: "Hello, Billy Brad! How are you this morning?"

Because Billy Brad and Mr. Jones were such friends and the new house was so near Billy Brad's house, and because Billy Brad had seen the cellar dug and the foundation walls laid and nearly every board sawed and nailed, he felt as if he almost owned the new house, and he was usually quite happy while he watched the builders, but now he looked sad. So Uncle Peter Henry said:

"Hello, Billy Brad! Why this sadness?"

"I lost it," said Billy Brad mournfully, as he clambered off the wood pile. "I lost my big, round dollar. Down that hole. And it's gone. And I can't get it any more. And I didn't want to lose it. Because it was my big, round, birthday dollar, it was."

Uncle Peter Henry looked at the hole down which Billy Brad had lost his big, round dollar.

"Is that all?" he said cheerfully. "If that is all, there is no reason to look so sad, because I can get the big, round dollar out of that hole easily enough."

"Can you?" asked Billy Brad eagerly.

"Of course, I can!" said Uncle Peter Henry. "I would not be a very wise old uncle if I could not do that. But shall I? That is the question. Hadn't we better leave your big, round dollar in that hole, Billy Brad?"

"Why?" asked Billy Brad.

"Asking "why" was one of the things Billy Brad did best—and most often—and that was one of the reasons why Uncle Peter Henry was such a comfortable uncle to have. He always had an answer. He never said, as Billy Brad's mother often did: "Goodness sake, Billy Brad! Don't be forever saying 'Why? Why? Why?' Run along and play, and don't bother me!"

So, when Uncle Peter Henry suggested leaving the big, round dollar in the hole, Billy Brad said:

"Why?"

"Do you want to spend the dollar right away?" asked Uncle Peter Henry.

"No," said Billy Brad. "I want to save it. Until I get lots of dollars. To buy a pony with."

"Then why not leave it in this hole?" asked Uncle Peter Henry. "It is there now, and you know where it is, and you can't spend it. If I get it out for you, you may lose it where you can't find it again, and then it will be lost forever. Why not leave this big, round dollar in this hole and, when you get more dollars, put them in this hole, too."

"No!" said Billy Brad. "I don't want to. Because somebody might find my dollars. And take them. And keep them. And I wouldn't have them any more."

"That's so!" said Uncle Peter Henry

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"I lost it," said Billy Brad mournfully as he clambered off the woodpile "I lost my big, round dollar! Down that hole"

brightly, but in a moment he looked sober again. "But I don't know that it makes much difference. If I get your dollar out of this hole you may lose it again. And if you leave it in your house a burglar might break in and steal it."

"I—I can spend it," said Billy Brad eagerly

"But you don't want to do that," said Uncle Peter Henry. "You want to save it, if you can, until you have enough dollars to buy a pony. If you spend this dollar, and the next dollar you get, and all your dollars as you get them, you'll never have enough to buy a pony. It does look bad. It looks almost hopeless."

It did seem almost hopeless, and both Billy Brad and Uncle Peter Henry looked quite sad for awhile. Then Uncle Peter Henry cheered up suddenly and slapped his knee as if he had a great idea.

"I know!" he said gaily. "The Savings Bank! We will get your dollar out of this hole, and take it down town, and put it in the Savings Bank!"

"Why?" asked Billy Brad.

"Because it will be safe there," said Uncle Peter Henry, "and it will not be lost or stolen, and you can leave it there as long as you wish, and put more dollars with it when you get them, and when you have enough dollars you can take them out of the Savings Bank and buy a pony."

So Uncle Peter Henry and Billy Brad did that. Uncle Peter Henry got two laths and fished the big, round dollar out of the hole, and took Billy Brad's hand, and they walked down town to the Savings Bank and Billy Brad handed the big, round dollar to the man at a little window. The man wrote Billy Brad's name in a big book and wrote in the book that Billy Brad had given the Savings Bank a dollar to be kept safe and sound. Then he gave Billy Brad a thin little book. On the outside of the book was the name of the bank and Billy Brad's name, and on the first page, inside the book, the man had written Billy Brad's name again and "July 17, 1910.....$1 00"

Billy Brad held the little book tight in his hand and skipped along happily beside Uncle Peter Henry until they came to the lumber pile in front of the new house that Mr. Jones, the grocery man, was building. Uncle Peter Henry seated himself on the pile of lumber, and Billy Brad sat close beside him, and they watched the carpenters at work. Suddenly Billy Brad said sadly, to himself:

"I haven't got my big, round dollar any more. And I wanted my dollar. I did. But my Uncle Peter Henry, he made me give my dollar to a man, he did. And I haven't got anything but a little book. And I can't buy a pony. Because I haven't got my dollar any more."

He turned to Uncle Peter Henry and asked:

"Uncle Peter Henry, *why* did I have to buy a little book with my big, round dollar?"

"You did not buy the book, Billy Brad," said Uncle Peter Henry. "The Savings Bank gave you the book."

"Why did it?" asked Billy Brad instantly.

"To show that you had put your dollar in the bank," said Uncle Peter Henry. "The little book says the bank has your dollar and that it will give the dollar back to you when you want it. The book is proof that you put your dollar in the bank."

"Why did I put my dollar in the bank?" Billy Brad asked.

"So your dollar would not be lost or stolen," said Uncle Peter Henry.

"Why won't it be lost or stolen?" asked Billy Brad.

"Because that is what the Savings Bank is for," said Uncle Peter Henry. "It is to keep the dollars of little boys, and other people, safe. The Savings Bank has a big, strong room, with steel sides and a steel floor and a steel ceiling, and a steel door with a big strong lock, to keep money in. That is one reason people put their money in the Savings Bank. They know it is safe there."

"Uncle Peter Henry," said Billy Brad, after a moment, "how much do I have to pay the Savings Bank for keeping my dollar safe for me?"

"You don't have to pay anything," said Uncle Peter Henry. "The Savings Bank pays you for letting it take care of your money."

"Does it?" asked Billy Brad, with surprise.

"Yes," said Uncle Peter Henry. "It pays you two cents for every six months you leave your dollar in the bank, or four cents for every year you leave it there. Our Savings Bank pays that."

"Why does it?" asked Billy Brad. "Why does the bank pay me for letting it keep my money safe, Uncle Peter Henry?"

Uncle Peter Henry took off his spectacles with the real tortoise shell rims, and wiped them carefully, and put them on again. He coughed gently. Then he took off his hat and wiped the bald part of his head with his white handkerchief, and put the handkerchief back in his pocket and his hat on his head again, because he certainly had to have time to think what to say to Billy Brad. Sometimes it was much easier for Billy Brad to ask a question than for Uncle Peter Henry to answer it. This was one of the times. Uncle Peter Henry thought for a minute and then he asked Billy Brad a question.

"Do you see this house Mr. Jones is building?" he asked.

"Yes," said Billy Brad, and then he repeated: "Why does the bank pay me for letting it keep my money safe, Uncle Peter Henry?"

"You wait and I'll tell you," said Uncle Peter Henry. "I'm coming to that. But, first, why do you suppose Mr. Jones is building this new house?"

"To live in," said Billy Brad promptly.

"But he is living in a house now, isn't he?" asked Uncle Peter Henry. "He does not need two houses to live in, does he?"

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"He's going to live in *this* house," said Billy Brad. "He isn't going to live in the other house any more. Because it isn't really, truly his house. It is Mr. Martin's house."

"Oh! Mr. Jones just rents it from Mr. Martin?"

"Yes," said Billy Brad.

"And has to pay Mr. Martin rent money every month," said Uncle Peter Henry. "I see! Mr. Jones thinks it will be cheaper and pleasanter to own a house of his own, than to pay rent to Mr. Martin. So Mr. Jones is building this house."

"Yes," agreed Billy Brad. "I guess so."

"But it must cost Mr. Jones a great deal of money to build this new house," Uncle Peter Henry suggested. "He has to pay for the lumber and the bricks and the shingles, and he has to pay the men who dug the cellar, and the carpenters and the masons. He has to pay for everything, and he has to pay quickly. What if Mr. Jones wanted to build this house and did not have enough money to pay for it?"

"He could sell my mamma some more groceries," said Billy Brad.

"Yes," said Uncle Peter Henry, "but it might be three years, or six years, or nine years, before he sold enough groceries to have enough money to pay for the new house. And he would have to wait. And all those years he would be paying rent to Mr. Martin, and be living in a house he did not want to live in. So what do you think Mr. Jones would do?"

"What would he do?" asked Billy Brad.

"He would get all the money he needed, right away quick," said Uncle Peter Henry, "so he could build his new house without waiting."

"How would he get all the money quick?" asked Billy Brad.

"Well, one way he could get one dollar," said Uncle Peter Henry, "would be to know you were going to have a birthday and that Uncle Peter Henry was going to give you a big, round dollar. If he knew that, he could come to you and ask you to let him borrow your dollar until you needed it to buy a pony. Then, if he knew hundreds and hundreds of other Billy Brads whose Uncle Peter Henrys were going to give them dollars on their birthdays, he could go to them and ask them to lend him their birthday dollars."

"My!" exclaimed Billy Brad. "He'd have to know lots of boys' birthdays!"

"Yes," agreed Uncle Peter Henry. "And then he could try to find all the people who had money they had saved, and he could try to borrow some from them. He would have to see hundreds of people. But that is not the way Mr. Jones would get the money he needed to build his house."

"Isn't it?" asked Billy Brad. "Why wouldn't he get it that way, Uncle Peter Henry?"

"Because it would take all his time, and even then he might not get it. If he came to you now, and asked to borrow your dollar, he would not get it, would he?"

"No," said Billy Brad. "I haven't got my dollar. I put my dollar in the Savings Bank."

"Just so!" said Uncle Peter Henry. "And so the wisest plan would be for Mr. Jones to go where a great deal of money is gathered together in one place. Such as the Savings Bank, where you put your dollar for safe keeping, and hundreds of other people put their dollars for safe keeping. And that is just where Mr. Jones would go. He would go to the bank and say: 'I want to build a house. I don't want to live in a rented house any more. I have to pay ten cents a year for every dollar's worth of house I live in, and I would rather rent some money from this bank and build a house of my own, if you don't charge too much for renting money.'"

"Does the bank rent money?" asked Billy Brad, laughing at the idea.

"It lends money, and charges interest for lending it," said Uncle Peter Henry, "and that is the same as renting it. So the Savings Bank would say to Mr. Jones: 'We have plenty of money to rent, Mr. Jones, and we only charge six cents a year for each dollar we rent out.' Then Mr. Jones would say: 'That is cheap enough, I'll rent enough to finish building my house, if you please. How do you happen to have so much money?' Then the bank would say: 'The reason we have so much money is because Billy Brad and other people bring it to us to be kept safe for them until they need it.'"

"But—but—", said Billy Brad anxiously, "but will the Savings Bank let Mr. Jones have my big, round dollar, Uncle Peter Henry? Maybe Mr. Jones won't give it back when I want it."

"That is just what the Savings Bank is careful about," said Uncle Peter Henry. "If we rent you this money we must be sure it is paid back,' the Savings Bank says to Mr. Jones. 'You must pay it back surely, or give us the house you are building, so we can sell it and have money to pay back to Billy Brad and all the others who gave us

On the outside of the book was the name of the bank and Billy Brad's name

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their dollars to be kept safe.' So Mr. Jones writes a paper promising to give back the money or give the new house to the Savings Bank. And that makes it all safe and sure. And so, of course, the Savings Bank can pay you four cents a year for each year you leave your dollar in its care?"

"Why can it?" asked Billy Brad.

"Because it rents your dollar to Mr. Jones for six cents a year, in a perfectly safe way," explained Uncle Peter Henry. "When Mr. Jones pays the six cents, the Savings Bank gives you four of the cents, and uses the other two cents to pay the men who work in the Savings Bank, and to pay for the electric lights in the bank, and for sweeping the floor—"

"And washing the windows?" said Billy Brad.

"Yes, and for all the expenses of running the bank," said Uncle Peter Henry. "And you can always be sure of getting your dollar when you want it, because the Savings Bank always keeps some money in its big steel room, and there is always some Mr Jones paying back the money he has rented, and always a great many Billy Brads leaving more money with the Savings Bank to be kept safe. So that is the Savings Bank system. The Savings Bank helps you because it keeps your money safe when you have no need to spend it, and it helps others because it can rent them money when they do need it. Do you understand now, Billy Brad?"

"Yes," said Billy Brad, but he immediately asked: "Why does the Savings Bank pay me for keeping my money safe, Uncle Peter Henry?"

"That bothers you, doesn't it, Billy Brad?" said Uncle Peter Henry.

"Yes, said Billy Brad. "Why does the Savings Bank pay me, Uncle Peter Henry? Why don't I pay the Savings Bank?"

"Because," said Uncle Peter Henry, "the men who made the first Savings Bank, years and years ago, were more interested in teaching people to save their spare money than in anything else. They said: 'Big sums of money can be rented out by the people who have big sums of money, but the people who have only one dollar or only a few dollars cannot rent out their money. That is one reason they spend it. If they could rent it out, so that it would be earning something, they would think it more worth while to save it. So let us start a new kind of bank that will pay people rent (or interest) even on very small sums of money.' So they did. They started a Savings Bank. And they could well afford to pay a few cents a year for each dollar that was put in the Savings Bank, because the Savings Bank could rent out the money, when it was gathered together, for a few cents more for each dollar. People were glad to rent it from the Savings Bank."

"Why?" asked Billy Brad.

"Because the rent the Savings Bank charged for the money was so small. And, after that, the Savings Bank had to keep on paying for the money that was left with it for safe keeping, because unless it did pay, not very many people would care to save their money. They would spend it. But when they knew they would be paid for saving it, they saved it. So now, Billy Brad," said Uncle Peter Henry, "you know why you put your big, round dollar in the Savings Bank."

"Do I?" said Billy Brad. "Why did I, Uncle Peter Henry?"

"Billy Brad! "exclaimed Uncle Peter Henry, almost crossly. "I have just told you why. I have explained all about Savings Banks, and interest on deposits, and loans to borrowers, and interest on loans, and how accumulated small deposits can be loaned in large sums, and all about everything. You know perfectly well why you put your big, round dollar in the Savings Bank. Don't you?"

"Yes," said Billy Brad. "I know all that, but, but——"

"Well, but what? Come on boy," said Uncle Peter Henry, "Why did you go to the Savings Bank?"

"Because — because — " said Billy Brad, wise beyond his generation in guile, snuggling up to Uncle Peter Henry, "because I wanted to walk down town with my Uncle Peter Henry, I did."

It was much easier for Billy Brad to ask a question than for Uncle Henry to answer it

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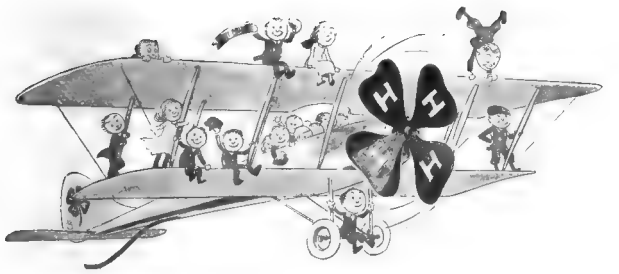

Two million youngsters have boarded the farm-plane H-4 on

A JOY RIDE THAT PAYS

By Howard Brubaker

Sketches by F. C. Cooper

WHEN you see a boy with husky-looking hands, a sun-peeled nose and a four-leaf clover pin upon his front elevation, each leaf bearing the letter H, grapple him to your soul with hooks of steel, for he has been raising corn or pigs or garden truck for your country. When you see a girl with a similar emblem pinned upon her white apron, get on the good side of her, for she has a cellar full of canned goods. This boy and this girl belong to that host of youngsters who, along with the business of having a good time, managed to scrape together a trifle of forty million dollars' worth of food products last year. They are members of the jolly crew of the H-4, a gigantic landplane with two million joy riders aboard.

The four H's of the official emblem of the boys' and girls' agricultural clubs represent the four-sided aim of the movement: the equal training of the head, the heart, the hands and the health. It is a permanent, nation-wide system with headquarters at Washington and with state, county and local leaders, co-operating with state agricultural colleges. It organizes the young people into producing clubs, sends them literature and speakers, encourages them with prizes.

Back of it all, if you look closely, you will find under a new disguise the familiar visage of an old friend, the gang spirit—the instinct of youngsters to flock together for mutual profit and protection. The gang spirit which, if undirected, is too often of a predatory nature is here utilized to a good purpose. These birds of a feather flock together to talk about balanced rations, soil fertility, the conservation of moisture the rotation of crops and plain and fancy bugs. Each club has a charter full of seals and signatures that looks like a million dollar bill. The best part of it all is that these clubs reach deep into the country where such influences never penetrated before; they have brought a socializing, co-operative spirit into the very regions where there is the greatest tendency to "go it alone."

> HOE YOUR OWN ROW!
>
> "Until a boy's nature is revised upwards, he will continue to find little inspiration in hoeing somebody else's corn. Doing it for oneself—that is a horse of a very different color."

Organizing boys' and girls' clubs is only one phase of the county agent's many activities in demonstrating improved farming methods but it is a most important phase. Children are more teachable than adults, less "set" in their ways. In uninterested or actually hostile communities club work is often the entering wedge which lets in new ideas and leads to a big demonstration work for adults.

It was some such problem as this which the county agent faced when he started to organize a certain backward district in Maryland. It was a poor community and the people were destitute and ignorant and impervious to outside ideas. The boys were self-willed and incorrigible. It seemed to the rural school supervisor that club work there was impossible.

It was attempted, nevertheless, and a meeting was held in the schoolhouse. The boys were hostile, keen for physical combat—in fact it was necessary to eject one large trouble-maker from the room. When the organization was effected the boys showed their opinion of the whole business by electing the ejected one president.

Maybe that was the best thing that could have happened to the club; certainly the club was the best thing that could have happened to the community. A year later the dirty and battle-scarred schoolroom was bright and clean with new paint: the ragged boys and girls of the year before were spick and span. The teacher—the same teacher who was there before—reported that the agricultural club had already grown into the life of the community. The gang was still there but Uncle Sam had adopted it. It was now "ganging" to good ends. It was raising corn instead of Cain.

There are many instances on record of boys who were known as "bad" (that

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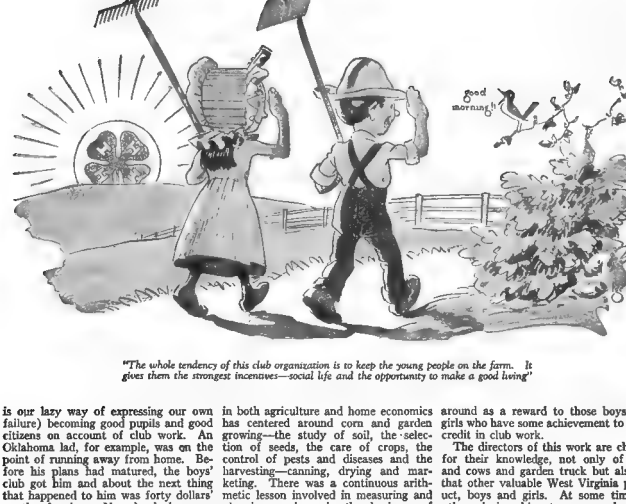

"The whole tendency of this club organization is to keep the young people on the farm. It gives them the strongest incentives—social life and the opportunity to make a good living"

is our lazy way of expressing our own failure) becoming good pupils and good citizens on account of club work. An Oklahoma lad, for example, was on the point of running away from home. Before his plans had matured, the boys' club got him and about the next thing that happened to him was forty dollars' worth of prizes. Now he had money enough to run away from home but he didn't have time. He has been a club member for four years, has worked diligently and dependably and he is now largely manager of his father's farm.

There are some eloquent figures from Comanche County, Texas. It was found that in four years the club members made an average grade of 11 per cent. more than children not doing club-work—excluding spelling where the increase was 16 per cent. and composition where the increase was 23 per cent. The Texas community reports that there was no expulsion of club members from school during all that period and that club members showed a better attendance at Sunday School by 7 per cent. and at church by 5 per cent.

The value of club work to the rural school—and *vice versa*—is splendidly illustrated by the case of Marcia Allen and the Green Valley school. It was, to begin with, the ordinary "little red schoolhouse" with its daily grind of thirty-three recitations, leaving both teacher and pupils more or less limp at the close of the day. Two years ago the call came from Miss Allen's county superintendent to undertake some kind of club work to help win the war. Miss Allen did not feel herself competent to win the war by way of pigs and calves, but after studying a bale of helpful literature she decided to try corn club work and gardening.

The Green Valley school has been a different place ever since. Instruction in both agriculture and home economics has centered around corn and garden growing—the study of soil, the selection of seeds, the care of crops, the control of pests and diseases and the harvesting—canning, drying and marketing. There was a continuous arithmetic lesson involved in measuring and planning gardens, in the business of costs and sales and profits, for desk farming is an essential part of the work. There was a lot of painless geography skillfully concealed in the subject of corn growing, getting up exhibits and booklets, studying the manufacture of corn products, sometimes in neighboring towns. Penmanship, reading and language were all involved in the club work, collecting and reading bulletins, making written reports of club projects, holding meetings and electing officers. The result was that the school work, previously looked upon as a remote system conceived by some elderly, spectacled persons for the torture of youth, suddenly became connected up with real life. The three R's and the four H's became entangled—to their mutual benefit. They used to beat knowledge into the heads of the country student with a ruler; it is no sign of increasing brutality that now they use a club.

Down in the mountains of West Virginia, in a high valley admirably equipped with demonstration plats and shade trees and swimming holes and such necessaries of life, there is an official club camp. Here the boys and girls of various communities are gathered together for instruction and recreation, a week or so for each set. There is demonstration work in the fields, there are talks and perhaps a simple religious service on a grassy hillside at twilight. Incidentally there is a lot of swimming and fun. All summer long this camp is maintained, passing its benefits around as a reward to those boys and girls who have some achievement to their credit in club work.

The directors of this work are chosen for their knowledge, not only of pigs and cows and garden truck but also of that other valuable West Virginia product, boys and girls. At some time or other during his stay every boy is given certain psychological tests—for quickness of perception and the like. His problems are talked over; he is given help where it is needed.

In one such group every boy present declared his intention of continuing his education, often under great difficulties—that is, every boy except a certain John who was about to quit school and go into the coal mines. John had no great craving for coal mines but a dollar and a half a day loomed very large on his horizon.

It took the camp leader and a visiting official from Washington to straighten out the kinks in John's philosophy. The idea that there are ways by which a boy without money can go on with his education had never reached as far back into the bushes as John. He admitted, when cornered, that his future as a coal miner did not look brilliant; he hadn't looked much into the future, that dollar and a half had got stuck in his eye and obscured his vision. Finally, however, John decided upon a life in the open air. He is going on with his farm work and has his plans made for a technical education. The coal mines of West Virginia will have to struggle along somehow without him. Their loss is John's gain.

When one considers the hundreds of Johns that have been saved to a happier and more interesting and useful life, one realizes that the value of this work can never be measured by the dollars and cents derived from their products. Vir-

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ginia reports 154 club boys attending college this year; it is fair to say that a considerable part of them would not have been in college otherwise. Similar reports come in from every direction. A Georgia girl with a flock of chickens and a one-tenth acre garden has completed payment upon her piano and saved a nest-egg for her college fund. A Louisiana boy is going to college upon the proceeds of his sale of cotton seed. In Tuscaloosa County, Alabama, girls are making their college money by raising broom corn and making brooms. Riding to college on brooms seems to be a new form of witchcraft

The teachers in rural schools are quick to see the educational value of this work. In a great many cases the teacher becomes the local leader and the club meetings are most often held in the schoolhouse. The country minister is usually a warm supporter of the movement and is often a local leader And usually strong encouragement by way of loans and prizes comes from local business men. The government maintains the organizers and county agents but it must depend upon volunteer help locally. The Department is organizing new counties as rapidly as possible, Massachusetts being the first state to have an agent in every county. As the work grows, its *per capita* cost to the government goes down. It is interesting to know that something in the world is getting cheaper.

The bankers are quick to see the advantages to their communities of a lot of high-class club work. Sometimes they actually have to be restrained in their willingness to do things for the movement—in order that the fellow in the next town may have the opportunity of doing his share. It is estimated that business men financed club projects to the value of half a million dollars last year. They see that the work is good patriotism and good business, a combination of motives that is hard to beat.

When we hear of the large amounts of money made by the boys and girls, amounts running now into the millions, the question naturally arises, what in the world do they do with all this money? Anyone who has observed the speed with which a boy can dispose of a quarter might be justified in shaking his head. He might even conjure up a picture of a forty million dollar candy, peanut and ice cream orgy, with bakers, confectioners and athletic goods sellers wearing broad and prosperous smiles.

But there seems to be a merciful provision of human nature by which money earned by hard and honest labor is not parted with lightly. "Easy come, easy go" is not the motto of the typical club member. He has an idea that is worth two of that.

The first thing the juniors did with their cash profit last year was to lend it to their distinguished Uncle, who was having a hard time making ends meet. The facts here are most significant; they took War Savings Stamps, baby bonds and regular full-grown Liberty Bonds in enormous quantities.

Look how the Cline boys acted down near Tulsa, Oklahoma, for an example—and, by the way, one would have to search long to find a family that was harder hit by the club fever than that of Lewis Cline. There are six boys in the house, and the disease went through it like the mumps, from Cameron, the oldest, down to Phillip, eight-going-on-nine, the youngest and bossiest of the lot. Livestock, chickens and corn are the main interests of this busy houseful of youngsters. Most of them have won prizes in fairs and sold their products at fancy prices. Shelby, the third boy, won two short courses at the agricultural college, as well as a good job, taking care of show cattle.

At the end of something more than two years this busy bunch of boys has acquired something of a competence. That they did not waste their substance in riotous eating, is evidenced by the fact that they have stock on hand valued at $1,500 and $1,000 in Liberty Bonds, besides having contributed generously to the Red Cross.

The Cline boys with this splendid achievement are quite in style in Oklahoma. Last year 1,616 Oklahoma boys put $13,600 in Liberty Bonds, 7,454 put $92,255 in baby bonds and 4,736 boys bought $6,963 worth of thrift stamps. Perhaps best of all from the point of view of unselfish giving is the fact that 22,000 Oklahoma boys gave $11,000 to the Red Cross. One boy, Russell Henson, although working hard to save money with which to go to college, gave $75 to the Red Cross and wrote that he would have given more if he had had the money.

In a school district in Pontotoc County the boys and girls of the clubs were instrumental in getting a new school building erected after it had several times been voted down. The Oklahoma legislature has discovered what is going on, with more speed than is common with legislatures, and has passed a law creating two scholarships at the agricultural college for each county. The candidates are not restricted to club members but the examination is such that probably only club members can hope to pass. At last report 218 Oklahoma boys were in college as a direct result of club activities.

But the clubs everywhere are found in the forefront of the procession—the pure-bred hog is frequently used as a stepping-stone to higher things. Pigs involuntarily helped to build a church at Morgan, Kentucky; that is, twenty-five members contributed their pig-profits toward the erection of the building. Ewing, Virginia, clubs gave over two thousand dollars toward building the Lee County Industrial School. The clubs are always taking an active part in dragging roads and painting schoolhouses and beautifying grounds by planting trees. A group in Washoe County, Nevada, is supporting an Armenian orphan with the money they have received for their vegetables. A Minnesota club, of a remote settlement, got its vegetables down to the fair at great difficulty, by boat and auto, and sold them for the benefit of the Junior Red Cross.

The girls of a club in Washington County, Maryland, doing a successful business in canning, drying and brining, were not satisfied in being merely useful and ornamental members of the community. They argued that all work and no play is just as bad for Jill as it is for Jack, so they decided to have a club room. There was little money to have it with and no place to have it in—except a tinner's junk room, which they promptly appropriated to their own use. With a spirit of optimism and a liberal use of "elbow grease" they tackled this rather discouraging prospect. They cleared it out, scrubbed it, repaired some

"They take the four H's of their pin very seriously, the head, the heart, the hands and the health"

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rather decrepit furniture they found there and held up the good people of the town for other old furniture. Then they covered things with unbleached muslin, dyed to taste, sewed and tacked stuff around as girls will and made a cozy and attractive club-house where they now hold demonstrations of their club work—and of their ability to have a good time. It is easily the most popular spot in town and is meeting a genuine need.

AT Lansing, Michigan, there were assembled 195 boys and girls, young people who had been in the clubs anywhere from one to four years. 48 of these members owned Liberty Bonds, 134 had War Savings Stamps, 103 had bank accounts. Eighteen of them had earned permanent kitchen equipment, 15 owned pure-bred pigs and 19 owned calves and were planning to go into the dairy business. 8 owned sheep, 25 had poultry flocks and equipment. 59 were in high school and 68 were planning to go to college to take courses in agriculture and home economics. Pretty substantial future citizens, these; perhaps it is not even necessary to say, "future."

Of the multitude of individual examples of self-sacrificing effort that have come to hand, none is more inspiring than that of the little Berkshire County, Massachusetts, girl who was nearly blind. This afflicted girl was not satisfied with buying thrift stamps, for that was only an investment. "I want to do something which is *work* for my country," she wrote. As a result, she joined a potato club. Except for a few furrows turned by her father at the roughest spots, all the work on her plat was done by herself. This was her first project; her second was a pig. She had a hard time keeping her two projects apart. In her report, which she wrote with great difficulty, she says: "The greatest delight my pig had was jumping the fence of his pen and rooting in my garden."

But she brought both enterprises to a successful conclusion and helped her father in his garden besides. The question naturally arises, what did this little girl do with her spare time? Fortunately there is an answer to this question. She ranked as the second largest gatherer of pit stones in Berkshire County during the drive for this gas-mask necessity.

There are plenty of other examples of almost incredible industry on the part of girls. Margaret Kirk, of Yakima, Washington, rounded out her season last year with 1,051 quarts of canned produce. A Virginia girl turned out 3,000 gallons of syrup or sorghum from her little plant. Minnie Lee Jordy, of Texas, had to clear new land of brush and shrubbery for her garden, doing all her own plowing with oxen. Neither was twelve-year-old Eula Treadway, of Percy, Mississippi, a leisure class lady last year. Eula raised tomatoes, peppers and okra upon her one-tenth acre plat for home use and sale, bought a steam pressure outfit and packed 690 cans of tomatoes, clearing $45 for W. S. S. Her idle hours she devoted to raising poultry.

Aside from war work and saving for college, in the great majority of cases the boys use their profits to capitalize further projects, usually some kind of livestock. The girls and their mothers, who made such an astounding showing in gardening and canning last year, almost invariably spend their earnings in installing home conveniences. The proceeds of their labor are invested in labor-saving devices—running water equipment, oil stoves, improved canning outfits, fireless cookers—and in things to make the house attractive. The reports of the home demonstration agents who handle this phase of the work form an inspiring story of households lifted to a higher plane, of houses made more healthful and livable, of better standards of clothing, of drudgery diminished. The devoted women who carry the torch of the home demonstration work into the more remote rural districts, often over primitive mountain roads and through swollen streams, have to be nurses, sewing teachers and architects, as well as experts on gardening and canning. They must give advice on all subjects from trimming hats to bathing the baby. A worker in Tennessee was called up some time in the night by a little girl, who wanted to know about balanced rations for the new fish in her pond. A Virginia leader was confronted by a small boy who wanted to join the cooking club. He could already boil eggs and make batter cakes, but he was ambitious to master some of the higher branches. Last summer there were isolated regions where everything else had to be abandoned in the face of a graver emergency—all hands were enlisted in the fight against influenza.

THE whole tendency of this club organization is to keep the young people on the farm; "The Young Folks at Home" might be its official song. When they do go away—to higher schools—they go with a string tied to them, a new interest in farm work which will bring them back as soon as they have completed their studies. Much free advice has been given to young people to stay on the farm, advice which got lost somewhere because it didn't know its way around in the rural districts, but the club movement not only advises the boys to stay on the farm but it gives them the two strongest incentives for doing so—social life and the opportunity to make a good living.

An Italian-born boy near Brockton, Mass., is one of those who managed to buy himself an education and build up a future livelihood at the same time. This lad, who bears the appropriate name of James Spadea, won a five dollar bill as a prize for garden work and he never got over it. In five years he built up a nursery business that requires a motor truck and hired help to keep it going, meanwhile paying his way through high school and preparing to enter the Massachusetts Agricultural College. James gives the club work credit for his achievement and shows his gratitude in the best possible way—by helping other boys to get a start in gardening. His case is interesting as showing that the need for demonstration work is not confined to the remote rural districts. It is also a good thing to have around in the thickly settled districts where land is not so plentiful, but eaters are.

John Alexander, of Vermont, also boosted himself into a livelihood, but John used poultry instead of garden truck. He joined a poultry club in 1912 with a hatful of eggs and two years later he was leading his county. In 1915 he was the champion of Vermont, and they made him come down to New York to tell the National Education Association about his work. Now Alexander owns a big poultry plant of his own and is, besides, the superintendent of the poultry farm at one of the state institutions.

Entirely different was the problem of the Nebraska boy, Raymond McCook. It was not a livelihood that Raymond needed, it was the chance to keep on living, for the doctors told him last spring that outdoor life was his only chance. He joined one of the garden clubs and undertook the regular task. The other boys and girls helped him with the heavier work at first, but Raymond gradually became strong enough to do more and more of his own work. He came out of the summer with a new lease on life—and $22.25 in real money. The doctor says he is rapidly approaching normal health.

All this work sounds, no doubt, sufficiently serious; one might be justified in wondering whether the new generation of boys and girls is growing up long-faced. The fact, of course, is quite the opposite. You cannot bring a lot of young people together and expect them to keep their faces straight—not for more than ten or fifteen minutes anyhow. The camps, the club meetings, the trips of inspection, the fairs and exhibitions, community plays and "achievement day" programs—all constitute opportunities to have a good time. In fact the whole thing is a gigantic game; members compete with members, communities compete with communities, counties with counties, states with states, for prizes and awards and honors.

THE clubs frequently develop specialties with which they are willing to meet all comers. There is a $1,000 poultry club in Litchfield County, Connecticut, a club of ten, the goal of which is to clear a thousand dollars from their poultry in a year. Off in California a club challenges the Solar System and environs on the production of grain sorghum seed. A Spokane girls' club put up over $50,000 worth of canned goods last summer. A Presque Isle, Maine, potato club asks no handicap from anybody in the matter of high-grade seed potatoes. A Monroe County, Indiana, club comes to the bat with an average corn yield of 91.3 bushels to the acre, while Winnebago County, Wisconsin, arises and points with pride to the largest baby beef club in the League of Nations.

The rivalries of schools and towns for baseball honors when the Lincoln Giants travel down the interurban and meet the Junior Blue Socks in mortal combat, are no keener (*Continued on Page 74*)

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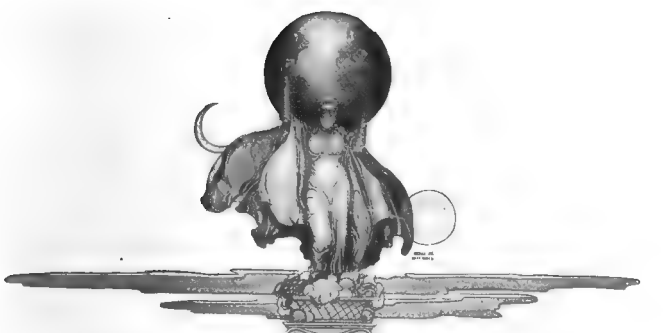

THE MARCH of the RED CROSS

A continued story of accomplishment; the readjustment of the work; the Red Cross and your community; and the gradual upbuilding of its share in our coming life

IF YOU had chanced to go through the main street of a small Virginian city, a number of weeks ago, and stopped a moment by the post-office, your attention would have been instantly attracted by a large bulletin board which seemed to have the eager interest of all the people who passed by. If then you had pushed your way through the crowd, you would have read upon it, under the caption of "Watch This Board":

"To Know the facts about one's community is the first step in good citizenship!

"This week has been set aside to take stock of the conditions that affect the children and homes of Danville."

"No Finances. Just Facts!"

And in another moment a young man would have arrived and proceeded to erase this notice and put another in its stead:

"Final reports of Week's Community by Red Cross at Big Mass Meeting, Main St. Methodist Church, Sunday at 7:30. Come early and get a seat. Many churches are uniting their services in this meeting for a better community."

Had you been aware of the truth, you would have been witnessing the entrance of the Red Cross on one more of its pioneer, social paths at home: Community Study.

The scene was Danville, Virginia, a city of twenty-two thousand, in the western part of the state, a representative, vigorous southern community, and the largest market in the world for loose-leaf tobacco. Manufacturers' buyers come to Danville from England, France and Italy, from all over Europe in fact, and the huge warehouses of the city are the scene of auction after auction, and sale after sale, as the products of the magnificent tobacco country surrounding are disposed of. A prosperous city, a modern city, and one well abreast of its neighbors.

Last fall, nevertheless, Danville ceased to be satisfied with itself. Could not Danville be made even better?—some of its citizens began asking. There were many ways in which Danville was not what it might be, as practically everybody knew. Might there not be more—many other unknown things which were handicapping the city, and preventing genuine community progress? There was plenty of money in the city; could there not be more happiness?

The leading citizens of Danville considered the subject at length. . . .

Three weeks later, there came to the Red Cross in Washington a request from the city of Danville. It came through the Danville Chapter of the Red Cross, but it was signed by the Chamber of Commerce, the Merchants Association, the Young Business Man's Club, the Y. M. C. A., the health officer, the president of the Common Council, and all the leading clergymen! And it asked the Red Cross, as an outside non-muckraking society, to come and show Danville how to take stock of itself.

Danville's motto was "Danville Does Things," and Danville meant to do this. But the leading citizens had discovered that they did not know the facts about their city. Yes, their community had juvenile delinquency, and family distress, and a good many diseases which seemed preventable, and bad overcrowding — but how much? And where was it? And how did you see it?

Community Study Week was the answer the Red Cross gave. Nine social experts of the Home Service in Washington were instructed to place themselves at the service of the city of Danville, without charge, and a few days later forty of Danville's leading citizens and the Red Cross experts, divided up into committees, set out to explore the city.

Their findings would fill many interesting pages—pages crowded with pathos and surprise and humor. The committee that visited the schools, for instance, found not only great delinquency but no real effort to correct it. A child's name was dropped after three days' absence, a sadly overworked truant officer gave a two-minute warning, perhaps, and after that, neglect! They found more children than school facilities, and no out-door recreational opportunities at all.

They suggested to the teachers the subject "How I spent my time Friday and Saturdays" as the theme of a composition in several schools; and the

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The Red Cross turns to problems of the home community
Quick distribution of sandwiches and hot coffee at a fire

answers showed that that eternal cry of childhood, "What shall I play today?" was either not being answered at all, or was being answered by the movies; some little girls went four or five times in the two days. And the desire of every growing child to play outdoors was receiving no thought at all.

Juvenile delinquency was only one of the many things investigated, however, and there was bitterness and humiliation in many of the things discovered—women working in the mills, and trying to bring up pitiful babies at home; evercrowding, in many sections, amounting almost to immorality; young boys confined for trifling offenses with desperate criminals in a jail which lacked most sanitary conveniences.

In just seven days, nevertheless, the committees had the facts about Danville and had gotten them into shape—an extraordinary record, as anyone who has ever been connected with such work will attest -the bulletin board had announced the Mass Meeting, and a full thousand people came to listen to the results in the Methodist Church. Special notices had been sent to every father and mother to come and hear the results of the study—and they were not invitations, either. They were calls to Good Citizenship! The meeting itself, although but one of three held in the different sections of the city, will be long remembered by those who went. It was like Danville's war meetings in its enthusiasm, in the quality of its idealistic devotion, and in the spirit with which it received the various Red Cross community recommendations and listened to the supporting facts of the various committees, and once having resolved itself into a group determined on action, moved forward unitedly to the field of battle. Danville had ended its period of unrest and readjustment, had cleaned house, taken stock and started after a new goal of social progress and practical working democracy.

In varying ways and places, that is the what and why of Community Study. Provided we have the brains to use it, it is one more of the ways in which the Red Cross is going to be of service to those people everywhere who are bent on a better citizenship and who want a better community in which to live and bring up their children.

Out of the readjustment of the Red Cross to a peace basis, three major activities have developed so far, each meeting a distinct need and bidding fair to meet it vigorously. They are Health, Social Work, and the Junior Red Cross.

To the Home Service, social work must be accorded unquestionably the leading place at this moment. With all the vast work for the soldiers and their families which is still going on in many places, indeed, the turning of the Home Service sections to new, social achievement is remarkable. It is a well-known fact that it is an art merely to be able to make proper use of the opportunities of a democracy for betterment. But here is a living force which not only is carrying the democracy and the spirit of the war into present social problems but is doing it with admirable brains and common sense and a distinct knowledge of that art of democracy.

In the gulf division alone over a hundred chapters have been granted the peace extension programme and are on the actual road to social betterment, while in all the Red Cross nearly a thousand chapters are preparing to follow in their footsteps, and many hundreds have already received permission and have started.

The amazing variety of the plans of these widely scattered communities, all of them nevertheless animated by the same spirit, can be gathered from a simple tabulation of some of them. This is not a national programme to regenerate the universe, remember; it is a collection of the endeavors of many scattered chapters. It includes:

1. Information and family service—Giving to civilians those neighborly services which are being rendered to the families of the service men.

2. Recreation—Improving commercial amusements, promoting community centers, rest rooms, playgrounds, clubs

3. Health—Arranging h elth meetings, promoting clinics, securing trained health officers

4. Education—Juvenile delinquency, arousing public opinion in consolidated schools, establishing needed high schools and others.

5. Economic welfare—Better roads, housing, securing county and home demonstration agents.

6. Community activities -Community meetings, community studies, problems of foreign speaking groups, loan libraries, retarded and neglected children, social improvements.

And all this (*Continued on Page 79*)

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None So Young

(*Continued from Page 24*)

glass window. Outside on the street we can't see—we don't know how beautiful it is—but inside with the sun streaming through we get the beauty of the colors. It is a work of art, not just a window. And I saw home like that not from the streets—but inside. And I was happier just sitting alone, happier than at dances. Then the baby cried—I went upstairs—took him from his crib and rocked him. Oh, Mamma, his little body in my arms—warm and cuddly and needful. Did our little bodies seem like that in your arms—warm—needful—"

Martha nodded and raised a hand to her wet cheek.

"I loved the baby more than I ever loved him before. And I *knew*—oh! swift and sure—that Youth isn't everything—and Pleasure isn't everything—" the voice was low—"but Love is, Mamma—love is."

Again, Martha nodded.

Alma half turned to the desk.

"I am writing Buster now," her fingers went out to the pan. "I hurt him, Mamma—oh, I know I hurt him—the way he hesitated at the dance—about the dinner to-night—and his face—I tried to look past his face, but I couldn't—I saw how hurt it was. He wouldn't hurt me, he is too fine for that. He is—he is—oh, so splendid isn't he, Mamma?"

"Yes," Martha said, "yes, Alma."

"It seemed to-night alone there with the baby—that I was listening for a step on the stairs, Mamma—a step—on the stairs—you know—*his step*. And I knew then how hurt he was—and how much he cares. He told me that! And I knew there alone in the little house that seemed mine, that I cared too but always I had never been on the right side of Life's window—I'd been on the shallow side—I'd never seen the shining through—like a great sun—shining through the color, Mamma. I was—well—asleep, but suddenly, I seemed to wake up. I knew—Love is most."

"Love is most," Martha echoed.

"Yes, Alma."

"So I am writing to tell him I am sorry—I can't have him hurt and some day—well maybe—you know—Mamma."

"I love Buster, too, dear," Martha said, simply.

"Oh! I am so glad—so glad," Alma cried softly. "He is—so dear—isn't he, Mamma?"

It had come—Alma would one day go away—leave them—be no longer hers. But strangely Martha felt she had not lost Alma, but found her—found her—found her! For all time they were bound and welded and held together. They both knew Love.

Martha watched Alma bending above the note. Memory moved her.

"None so old," she murmured in retrospection, "none so old—for Love." Then with a wistful smile at Alma, "None so young, either."

Good Digestion

GOOD digestion depends largely upon two things—the quality of food we eat, and the manner in which we eat it.

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In Lincoln's Chair

(*Continued from Page 11*)

that shows how he struck ordinary people. He said Lincoln was the most folksy of any of them, but that there was something about him that made everybody stand a little in awe of him. You could get near him in a sort of neighborly way, as though you had always known him, but there was something tremendous between you and him all the time.

"This man said he had eaten with him many times at the railroad eating houses. Everybody tried to get near Lincoln when he was eating, because he was such good company, but they looked at him with a kind of wonder, couldn't exactly make him out. Sometimes there was a dreadful loneliness in his look, and the boys used to wonder what he was thinking about. Whatever it was, he was thinking all alone. No one was afraid of him, but there was something about him that made plain folks feel toward him a good deal as a child feels toward his father, because you know every child looks upon his father as a wonderful man.

"There ain't any doubt but there was a good many years after Mr. Lincoln got started and everybody in the state held him high, when he was a disappointed man and when he brooded a good deal over the way life was goin.' Trouble was he hadn't got a grip yet on anything that satisfied him. He hadn't made a go of politics, had quit it. Of course he had plenty of law practice, but, Lord-a-mighty, you take a town like this was along in the 40's, when Mr. Lincoln was practicin' here, and get right down to what was really happenin', and it was enuff to make a broodin' man like him sick, and want to quit. He had to handle it all, a lawyer does, men fightin' over a dollar, gettin' rich on cheatin', stingy with their wives, breakin' up families, quarrelin' over wills, neglectin' the old folks and yet standin' high in the church, regular at prayer meetin', and teachin' in Sunday School. There was a lot of steady meanness like that all around, and it made him feel bad.

"And then there was dreadful things happened every now and then, men takin' up with girls when they had good wives of their own. There's more than one poor child lyin' over there in the graveyard because some ornary old scoundrel got the better of her, and there's more than one good man been put to shame in this town because some woman who was no better than she ought to be run him down. Lord, it makes you sick, and then every now and then right out of a clear sky there'd be a murder somewhere in the county.

"It was so all the time Mr. Lincoln was practicin' out here and it made him pretty miserable sometimes, I reckon, to see so much meanness around. I never knew a man who liked people better'n Mr. Lincoln did—seemed as if he felt the world ought to be happy, and that it could be if people would only do the right thing. You've heard people tellin' how he'd refuse a case often if he didn't think it ought to be brought. Well, sir, that's true. I've heard him argue time and again with the boys about the duty of lawyers to discourage law suits. 'It's our business to be peacemakers,' he used to tell 'em, not to stir up quarrels for the sake of makin' a little money.

"I've always figured it out that he was a sight more contented after he got his grip on the slavery question. You know how he felt about slavery, thought it was wrong, and when he began to see there was a chance to fight it in a way that would count, he felt different towards his life, saw it did mean something, began to feel he was some real use. I reckon he began to believe God had a place for him—that he was put into the world for a good and sufficient reason. He made up his mind that the time had come when God meant to say to slavery, 'Thus far and no farther,' and he was ready to put in his best licks to help Him.

"He wrestled with that question till he drove it clear out of politics right down onto bed rock of right and wrong, and there he stood, slavery was wrong, and accordin' to his way of lookin' at it, people who pretended to regulate their lives on religion ought to be agin it. Allus troubled him a lot and sometimes made him pretty bitter that so many folks that stood high as Christians was for slavery. I remember Newt Bateman tellin' how Lincoln came in his office one day after his nomination—Newt was State School Superintendent, and he and Mr. Lincoln was always great friends—well, he said Mr. Lincoln came in with a report of a canvass of how people in Springfield were goin' to vote, and he said:

" 'Let's see how the ministers in this town are goin' to vote, and he went through the list pickin' 'em out and settin' 'em down, and, would you believe it now, he found that out of 23 ministers, 20 were against him. He was dreadfully upset, and talked a long time about it. Newt said he pulled a New Testament out of his pocket.

" 'What I don't understand,' he said, 'is how anybody can think this book stands for slavery. Human bondage can't live a minute in its light, and yet here's all these men who consider themselves called to make the teachin' of this book clear votin' against me. I don't understand it.

" 'They know Douglas don't care whether slavery's voted up or down, but they ought to know that God cares and humanity cares and they know I care. They ain't been readin' their Bibles right.

" 'Seems to me sometimes as if God had borne with this thing until the very teachers of religion had come to defend it out of the Bible. But they'll find the day will come when His wrath will upset it. I believe the cup of iniquity is full, and that before we get through God will make the country suffer for toleratin' a thing that is so contrary to what He teaches in this Book.'

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"As I see it, that idee grew in him. Remember what he wrote in his call for a fast-day in the spring of '63? Well, I've got it here—just let me read it to you."

Billy rose and took from the drawer where he kept his precious relics a bundle of faded yellow newspapers and selected a copy of the *New York Tribune* of March 31, 1863.

"Now, you listen," said Billy, "and see if I aint right that his idee when he talked to Newt had takin' hold of him deep."

"'Insomuch as we know that by His divine law nations, like individuals, are subjected to punishments and chastisements in this world, may we not justly fear that the awful calamity of civil war which now desolates the land may be but a punishment inflicted upon us for our presumptious sins, to the needful end of our national reformation as a whole people.'

"Isn't that just what he said to Newt Bateman?" Billy stopped long enough to remark.

"'We have been the recipients of the choicest bounties of Heaven. We have been preserved, these many years, in peace and prosperity. We have grown in numbers, wealth, and power as no other nation has ever grown; but we have forgotten God. We have forgotten the gracious hand which preserved us in peace, and multiplied and enriched and strengthened us; and we have vainly imagined in the deceitfulness of our hearts, that all these blessings were produced by some superior wisdom and virtue of our own. Intoxicated with unbroken success, we have become too self-sufficient to feel the necessity of redeeming and preserving grace, too proud to pray to the God that made us:

"'It behooves us, then, to humble ourselves before the offended power, to confess our national sins, and to pray for clemency and forgiveness.'"

"The longer the war went on, the more and more sure he was that God was workin' out something, and hard as it was for him, the more and more reconciled he got to God's Government. Seems to me that's clear from what he said in his last Inaugural. You remember:

"'The Almighty has His own purpose. Woe unto the world because of offenses! For it must needs be that offenses come; but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh! Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away, yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'

"I like to say that just like he said it. Seems kinda like music. He was that way sometimes, swung into sort of talk that made your heart stop to listen; it was so sweet and solemn like.

"Makes me ache through to think what he had to go through to come out

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where he could talk so sure and calm about things for, certain as he was that God had a purpose in it all, he wasn't so sure always that he was proceedin' along the lines the Almighty approved of. He never got over that struggle long as he was President, always askin' himself whether he was on God's side. Puzzled him bad that both sides thought God was with 'em. He pointed out more than once how the rebel soldiers was prayin' for victory just as earnest as ours—how the rebel people got the same kind of help out of prayer that the Union people did. And both couldn't be right.

"There isn't any doubt he often tested out whether God agreed with his argument or not, by the way things swung. It was that way about the Emancipation Proclamation. You know how he thought about that for months, and for the most part kept it to himself. He didn't want to do it that way, was dead set on the North buying the slaves instead of takin' 'em. But he had the Emancipation Proclamation ready, and he'd told God he'd let it loose if He'd give us the victory. Sounds queer, mebb., but that's what he did. He told the Cabinet so, and they've told about it. A little mite superstitious, some would say. But Mr. Lincoln was a little superstitious, interested in things like signs and dreams specially dreams, seemed to feel they might be tryin' to give him a hint. He's told me many a time about dreams he'd had, used to have same dream over and over, never got tired studyin' what it meant. You remember what happened in the war. He used to dream he saw a curious lookin' boat runnin' full speed toward a shore he couldn't make out clear, had that dream before nearly all the big battles—had it the night before they killed him, and told the Cabinet about it—that meant there'd be good news from Sherman.

"He got powerful discouraged sometimes, for it did seem the first three years of the war as if the Almighty wan't sympathizin' over much with the North. You remember how I told you once of havin' a long talk with him at night that time I went down to Washington to see him. Things was bad, awful bad. Country just plum worn out with the war. People was beginnin' to turn against it. Couldn't stand the blood lettin', the sufferin', and the awful sacrifice of life. There was a lot of that feelin' in '64. People willin' to give up anything—let the South go—let her keep her slaves—do anything to put an end to the killin'. I tell you a man has to keep his eyes ahead in war —keep tellin himself over and over what's it all about. Mr. Lincoln had to. They were talkin' peace to him, riotin' about the drafts, stirrin' up more kinds of trouble for him than he ever knew there was, I reckon. And he felt it—felt it bad; and that night it seemed to do him good to talk it out. You see I come from home, and I didn't have no connection with things down there, and 'twas natural he'd open up to me as he couldn't to them on the ground, and he did.

"'I've studied a lot, Billy,' he said, 'whether this is God's side of this war. I've tried my best to figure it out straight, and I can't see anything but that He must be for us. But look how things is goin'.

"'One thing sure all I can do is to follow what I think's right. Whatever shall appear to be God's will, I'll do. There's quite a number of people who seem to think they know what God wants me to do. They come down every now and then and tell me so. I must say as I've told some of them that it's more'n likely if God is goin' to reveal His will on a point connected with my duty he'd naturally reveal it to me. They don't all lay it up against me when I talk this way. Take the Quakers. They're good people, and they've been in a bad fix for they don't believe in slavery, and they don't believe in war, and yet it seems to have come to the point that out of this war started to save free government, we're going to get rid of slavery. But they can't accept that way. Still they don't lay it up against me that I do, and they pray regular for me.

"'We've been wrong, North and South, about slavery. No use to blame it all on the South. We've been in it, too, from start. If both sides had been willin' to give in a little, we might a worked it out, that is if we'd all been willin' to admit the thing was wrong, and take our share of the burden in puttin' and end to it.

"'It's for our sins, Billy, this war is. We've brought it on ourselves. And God aint goin' to stop it because we ask Him to. We've got to fulfill the law. He broke the law, and God wouldn't be God as I see Him if He didn't stand by His own laws and make us take all that's comin' to us. I can't think we won't win the war. Seems to me that must be God's way, but if we don't, and the Union is broken and slavery goes on, well all I can say accordin' to my way of seein' things is that the laws aint satisfied yet, that we aint done our part. There'll be more trouble until the reason of trouble ends.

"'But I don't lay it up against God, Billy. What it seems to me He's tryin' to do is to get men to see that there can't be any peace or happiness in this world so long as they aint fair to one another. You can't have a happy world unless you've got a just world, and slavery aint just. It's got to go. I don't know when. It's always seemed to me a pretty durable struggle—did back in '58, but I didn't see anything so bad then as we've come to. Even if I'd known I couldn't have done different, Billy. Even if we don't win this war and the Confederates set up a country with slavery in it, that aint going to end it for me. I'll have to go on fightin' slavery. I know God means I should.

"'It takes God a long time to work out His will with men like us, Billy, bad men, stupid men, selfish men. But even if we're beat, there's a gain. There are more men who see clear now how hard it is for people to rule themselves, more people determined government by the people shant perish from the earth, more people willin, to admit that you can't have peace when you've got a

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thing like slavery goin' on. That's something that's goin' to help when the next struggle comes.

"'You mustn't think I'm givin' in, Billy. I aint, but look how things are goin'. What if we lose the election, and you must admit it looks now as if we would, what if we lose and a Copperhead Government makes peace—gives the South her slaves—lets the 'erring sisters' set up for themselves. I've got to think about that, Billy.

"'Seems to me I can't bear the idea all this blood-lettin' should end that way, for I know lasting peace aint in that set of circumstances. That means trouble, more trouble, mebbe war again until we obey the law of God, and let our brother man go free.'

"And he just dropped his head and groaned, seemed as if I could hear him prayin', 'Oh, my Father, if it be possible let this cup pass from me.'

"Think he prayed? Think Abraham Lincoln prayed?" Billy's eyes were stern, and his voice full of reproachful surprise.

"I *know* he did. You wouldn't ask that question if you could have heard him that night he left here for Washington sayin' good-bye to us in the rain, tellin' us that without God's help he could not succeed in what he was goin' into—that with it, he could not fail, tellin' us he was turning us over to God, and askin' us to remember him in our prayers. Why a man can't talk like that that don't pray, leastwise an honest man like Abraham Lincoln.

"And he couldn't have stood it without God, sufferin' as he did, abused as he was, defeated again and again, and yet always hangin' on, always believin'. Don't you *see* from what I've been tellin' you that Abraham Lincoln all through a he war was seeking to work with God, struggling to find out His purpose, and make it prevail on earth. A man can't do that unless he gets close to God, talks with Him.

"How do you suppose a man—just a common man like Abraham Lincoln could ever have risen up to say anything like he did in '65 in his Inaugural if he hadn't known God:

"'With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and his orphans—to do which may achieve a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.'

"That aint ordinary human nature—particularly when it's fightin' a war—that's God's nature. If that aint what Christ had in mind, then I don't read the Bible right.

"Yes sir, he *prayed*—that's what carried him on—and God heard him and helped him. Fact is, I never knew of a man I felt so sure God approved of as Abraham Lincoln."

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Memgumban Gets the Idea

(*Continued from Page 47*)

many impossible punishments for his folly. But Sunday came, and Gertrude at the wheel of the family flivver; and off up shore went the three, blind man, white wife, and the cunningest, thickest-armed, most revengeful giant around Sulu waters.

Around noon they reached a glorious beach fringed with dry shade and fly-free, after a fashion. The Captain sighed for a dip in the surf.

"You two go up the beach a little," said his wife. "I'll get out lunch and make a smudge to keep the flies away. You'll stay close to him, won't you, Memgumban? Don't let him get far out. He's not as fit as he used to be."

Memgumban tried to answer but failed. He was bewildered. His fingers were itching to tear out this man's throat, while his will was fighting to obey Hsui Hsen and the Great Cause. Allah! How easy to throttle the blind man, a hundred yards out in the surf! Nobody would ever know! Why did the American take such a chance? Was he a fool? Or was Hsui Hsen right when he said the Captain really wished to be Memgumban's friend? But why? Why? Memgumban's head whirled, but it minded Hsui Hsen. And the joy of a plunge in that warm, lapping surf made obedience easier. Ahi! This was life again! And no patrol boat to swoop down on you! Sweet is freedom, even when a gift from the Americans!

Memgumban helped the Captain dress, while the Captain laughed at his own clumsiness.

"It is hard to be blind." The words escaped Memgumban and astonished him.

"Oh, not so hard as you think," the Captain chuckled. "The sight of things gets in one's way, I think."

"What do you mean?" Memgumban stammered.

"The mind that toils in the dark works straight, for it is not distracted by the mere looks of things. Thus it sees much that the eye cannot reveal."

"I have heard men at San Ramon say that of you," Memgumban blurted. "But it is nonsense——"

"Think so!" The Captain lifted his sightless face to the brown man. "Well I see things in your head, Memgumban, which you yourself do not see. There are queer thoughts sprouting there, like little toads in the first rains. They are many and faint, and you do not know what they say. But I know."

"Allah protect me, but it cannot be!" Memgumban howled. "Tell me what they are." And he resolved that, if this amazing man should mention the new rebellion and Hsui Hsen's friends oversea, he would slay him on the spot and flee to the jungle.

"No. But I'll write them on a paper and bury them here under a tree. And some day we'll come back and dig it up."

Memgumban shuddered. He felt that a python was eyeing him in the darkness. While the Captain scribbled his vision on a page of his memo book, Memgumban grew most uncomfortable. Not even the wonderful American lunch Mrs. Everett had ready for him cheered his spirit.

Nightfall found them in a wretched village of ill repute. They took quarters in the two least offensive nipa huts.

"Memgumban," said the Captain, drowsily. "There are some bad men hereabouts. You and I should take turns sitting up."

From midnight to dawn was Memgumban's watch. He tried hard to keep his mind on the cocoanut lands they were going to visit next day, and the Captain's words about the immense fortunes in copra. But he could not. He kept shutting his eyes and thinking hard in the dark, to see things blind men see. And toward dawn he began to see very strange things indeed.

Back in San Ramon, Memgumban threw himself into his farm work with vigor. The plantations Captain Everett had shown him on that memorable trip had opened his eyes to cocoanut. At last he had grasped that a cocoanut grove is the Klondike of the vegetable kingdom. When he and Hsui Hsen had triumphed over the Americans they would take over every cocoanut palm in Mindanao for themselves. Then would they be Lords of the Earth, rich beyond all avarice. . . .

The Superintendent began to point with pride to Memgumban and tell every visitor that here was proof of the wisdom of the Government prison policy to treat all men as human beings and, in the language of official reports, "by fixed habits of industry, by intellectual and moral instruction, to fit the prisoner for return to society, a law-abiding, self-respecting, self-supporting member thereof." Memgumban endured the admiring gaze of visitors and Superintendent with Malay stolidity; but when they had gone, he would close his eyes and think hard in the dark, to see the things blind men see. And each time he tried, he saw something new.

Thus went ten more months. Memgumban mastered copra and English and hemp and truck gardening. On the first of each month came the Everetts, and the white-and-rose wife taught him to drive the automobile, a fearful adventure, worse than swimming all night through a typhoon, until you caught on. And then? Ahi! They took him down to Zamboanga and there showed him a frightful piece of witchcraft—a dark room full of people, all silent, then a clatter, a shaft of light, and of a sudden all manners of people and places conjured up at the further end of the room, on which light shone.

"Ahi!" he exclaimed. "Now you have proved to me that men can see strange things in the dark. It is magic. But true."

"They are only moving pictures," said the woman Gertrude. "You can make them yourself. We have a camera at the house. I will show you."

Memgumban was afraid to dip into the supernatural and declined the invitation. Back in prison, he closed his eyes a long time. And when he opened them and found Antonio Rizal waiting to see him, he was not deeply interested in the barber's report on Hsui Hsen's progress with the great rebellion. Millions of rifles on their way to a cache up coast. A great wireless outfit ready. Two hundred *datos* pledged to the death. Now, a fleet of motor boats on its way up from a cove of North Borneo, and then—

"You and I shall sweep these foul Americans into the sea." Antonio gestured at the visible universe.

Memgumban pondered, grunted, then closed his eyes once again. The barber was vexed at the failure of his oratory and commiserated his fellow conspirator on the rapid working of the poisons in his system. Memgumban said nothing.

Memgumban was cracking nuts in the drying shed one day, when three visitors came through. As they passed on, one fell behind, then stepped up and whispered: "You are Memgumban, friend of Hsui Hsen?" And, as Memgumban nodded: "The great day is here! Listen carefully to these orders. To-morrow Captain Everett calls to take you for a ride. In the left hand pocket of his auto door we have hidden a *kris*. He will drive you northward past Dumagsa Point. Five miles beyond, where the road bends to give you a look at Sibuku Bay, a dead python will be lying across the road. This will be a sign to you. Kill the Captain and his wife there—or keep the woman, if you wish her. Then come, to the shore below—we have a boat for you there that will take you to your camp. An army awaits you. And here—in case you need it for any emergency!"

He slipped a great roll of bank notes into Memgumban's hand and strode off. Memgumban studied them, first with open eyes, then with closed eyes. And fell to cracking nuts.

Next morning came the Everett car as usual, with the Captain unusually excited.

"We must move fast to-day, my friend," said he. "The war in Europe is on, and it's sending copra skyhooting. My friends can't wait to grow new groves. They've got to buy in old ones—and pay any old price too! Hsui Hsen has gobbled up all the loose groves along the coast—he stands to make a

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million off them too. We've got to beat him back country. Now here's where you must lend a hand—and fix yourself for life too. You're a millionaire already, Memgumban."

"How so!" Memgumban demanded.

"You know every inch of Mindanao. You can find many little groves for us. You can speak the tongues of the hill men. You can command their respect and obedience. Thus you are very valuable to us. And we will make you valuable to yourself. We shall not take a ride to-day. Come to Zamboanga with me and meet the rich Americans who are going to make you Resident Manager of the biggest chain of cocoanut groves on earth. They'll make an offer you can't turn down."

"I shall consider this." Memgumban stepped into the auto, thinking hard and eyeing the pocket of the rear left-hand door.

On the veranda of the Everett bungalow sat seven huge Americans and said things that made Memgumban dizzy. "Expense doesn't count. Buy any grove you find at the best price, but buy it. We give you three headquarters—pick them out for yourself and send us the bill. And down in the harbor we've a boat for you. Start to-night sure and strike inland wherever you think best. . . ." Memgumban didn't get it all; it was so dreamlike and confusing. He wasn't sure whether his eyes were open or shut. He mumbled that he couldn't accept because he was a prisoner in San Ramon.

"I've fixed that," Captain Everett smiled. "You're off on parole from this hour forth."

"You mean," Memgumban said slowly, "that you have set me free?"

The Captain nodded.

"I wish to see a barber," said Memgumban. "One by the name of Antonio Rizal. Where can I find him at once?"

"Rizal? Hm. Why, I guess he's the chap who works for Hsui Hsen, down in Hsui Hsen's new warehouse—back of the fish market."

"Hsui Hsen—he has a new warehouse?" Memgumban stammered. Then he cursed his stupidity. Of course, Hsui Hsen had a warehouse for those rifles and supplies of the great rebellion that was about to begin.

"He'll have a dozen new ones if you don't hustle," the Captain laughed. "Now hurry back."

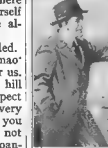
Memgumban stopped beside the Captain's auto and reached into the rear left hand door pocket. His fingers closed around a short *kris*, which he deftly slipped under his coat.

In the dark cool of a large stone building he found Hsui Hsen, who drew back at the sight of him.

"I did not expect you here," said Memgumban. "I sought Rizal, to send your money back to you."

"My money? What does this mean?" Hsui Hsen demanded, as Memgumban flung at him the great roll which the Captain had given him.

"I have been thinking much with my eyes closed," said Memgumban. "And now I am through with you and your rebellions. Kill me if you can, but it will cost you dear." And he



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flashed his *kris*. "I am an American now. Their ways are my ways, for they are better. I killed their soldiers. I blinded the Captain. And they hunted me down for years. They caught me, and I expected the ant hill. There was no ant hill. Then I looked for poison. But there was none. The Captain treated me as a friend, and trusted me when I might have killed him as easily as a chicken. At San Ramon the Americans taught me how to get rich growing cocoanuts and hemp, and now they are going to give me a chance to grow them, with all the money I need. They have given me food such as we Moros cannot cook. I have known at San Ramon not an hour's misery from fever. No, nor even from lice! Think of a place without lice! Why, the sheiks used to teach us that there were lice even in Paradise. They said Allah kept them there to bite the Faithful once in a hundred years, just to remind them that they were a little lower than the angels."

"Ho! Ho!" cackled Hsui Hsen. "Excellent! That will make Rizal laugh till he is sore. I must tell him as soon as he returns from Captain Everett's."

"Rizal? The barber? What is he doing at the Captain's?"

"Never mind. Go on with your story." Hsui Hsen gestured affably.

But Memgumban did not go on. He saw it all now. Hsui Hsen had sent Antonio to kill the Captain in case Memgumban himself failed. Hsui Hsen was not the man to put too much trust in any one tool or plan. Even now, Antonio might be lurking behind some bush.

"Ahi! If he hurts so much as the little finger of my Captain," Memgumban screamed, "I shall tie you to an ant hill." And he leaped at the Chinaman with the *kris*. But too late. Hsui Hsen had slipped through a rear door and barred it. He heard the Celestial laughing and calling somebody.

Kris in hand, Memgumban bounded to the street, as a tiger bounds. Women and children screamed, officers shouted, for they saw a Malay running amuck—which is a terrible thing. A gun cracked behind him, and Memgumban felt little ants nipping his thigh. Another gun cracked, and hot pins jabbed his ribs. But on he sped the faster. For a Moro, you must know, is as nearly bullet-proof as nickel steel.

He reached the Everett bungalow, and his heart turned to ice. There sat Antonio Rizal, smirking greasily at the Captain. And beside him Hsui Hsen, who had beaten Memgumban in an auto. Memgumban poised his *kris* more firmly and chanted: "Shoot the yellow man quick, *Tuan!* I am coming!"

Hsui Hsen and Rizal gave him one look and leaped into the house. Then Mrs. Everett came down the steps and smiled: "Why, Memgumban, you big silly. What's the matter with you? Do have a sandwich and tell us about it."

Not a logical sentence, but a very psychological sandwich. Memgumban came to rest on the veranda between the front door and his Captain; and seeing his Captain safe, he recited in a childlike monotone the whole story of the great rebellion that wasn't. When he had done, Hsui Hsen stuck his cunning old head out of a window and said: "It is my fault, gentlemen. I should have done as you advised. I should have told Memgumban that I too was an American. But I was afraid of his terrible wrath and arm. And so was Antonio."

"You? An American?" Memgumban sputtered.

"Old friend," said the Chinaman, "I too have been considering all things carefully. I watched how they treated you at San Ramon. I too looked for treachery and poison but found none. And at last I understood. Now—" he gestured toward the party—"I am or how many thousand guns there were in copra and hemp. I trust the other Americans here bear me no grudge for having bought the best shore groves before they could."

"But—the million rifles?" And the motor boats?" Memgumban rolled his eyes.

"Oh, you mean that little German cache up at Sibuku Bay?" Captain Everett cut in. "I hear they did use your name in that connection. This afternoon, when patrol boats gather in the bunch. Say! What's wrong?"

Mrs. Everett was screaming faintly, her eyes on three great blotches of red which were spreading on Memgumban. She called for bandages and a doctor. But Memgumban only looked at his Captain and said: "What was it you wrote on that paper up shore and buried under the tree?"

"You are a smart scamp." The blind man laughed. "You ask the right question at the right time. Here you are." In the slow, creeping script of the eyeless, he wrote on a newspaper these words:

"Memgumban knows a good thing when he sees it. When he sees it, he goes after it." So some day he will be an American."

Memgumban grinned. Then a doctor from the Military Reservation adjoining pattered up and inspected the wounds and spoke gravely.

"Bah!" Memgumban grunted at him and took another sandwich. "It is not serious. For it has not touched my eyes."

"What?" asked Mrs. Everett.

"Nothing matters, so long as my eyes are good. For I am going to be eyes for my Captain all my life. I took his eyes away when I was a foolish wild boy. Now I am a man and know him for what he is. And I tell you all, I shall not take your fine boat and your plantations unless I can be with my Captain, to see for him."

"You see!" chirped Hsui Hsen. "My old partner is a cunning one! Have we not all said that the Captain ought to give up his desk work and join us in copra? And where is there a better team than Memgumban and the Captain?"

Memgumban sat down gently beside his Captain. And his Captain, silent as the dark waters of the sea bottom, laid his hand on Memgumban's while the others turned away.

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Happy Though the Family Numbers 1500

(*Continued from Page 17*)

ancient family or other distinction. The splendid kitchen and private dining-room of the canteen tempts the women of one church to give a *public* bazaar, and lol against all prediction of failure it is a great success. The women of all the town come out, buy, chat, discuss Southport affairs, and learn who each other are! Parents come to the Sunday afternoon "sings" thinking to look on while their children chorus—and are themselves the most thrilled of all at a great outburst of patriotic song. Not in years have they been so wrought up emotionally; it is a big new thing in their lives. And on holidays everyone comes to a big general social and appropriate celebration at the community house and the magnificent commons which stands touching it.

Southport has found itself. The Susan Brays now know each other. But what about the thousand and one other Southports-before-the-war which dot the country—towns of from a thousand to twenty-five hundred population, where it is the lack of a community house and an impulse from without which prevents community neighborliness from developing? To help small-town America to find itself, to start other towns along the path that Southport has found so successful—there surely is an aspiration of real social significance. Let us hope it will not take another war to give the impulse.

Nine Girls and a Farm

(*Continued from Page 34*)

She was just a baby who couldn't earn her salt. But they wanted her—and took her home and adopted her.

"It is a pretty exciting game after all," Mr. Lemon enthuses. "You see we never know what we may find and bring home with us."

"The Lord surely gave us this one. I know He did. For she is just exactly what we have always wanted."

George and Alice Lemon believe, that, more than anything else, this nation needs women trained to be wives and mothers, who can earn a living from the soil if in no other way, who are strong and healthy, prepared to bear children and to rear them wholesomely. There was a type of woman represented by many of our pioneer mothers and grandmothers which the Lemon's aver should not perish from the earth. She was a woman who used both brain and muscle and from whom sprang the best in body and in mind the United States of America has ever produced. This ideal the Lemon's are holding up before the girls for whom they have assumed guardianship.

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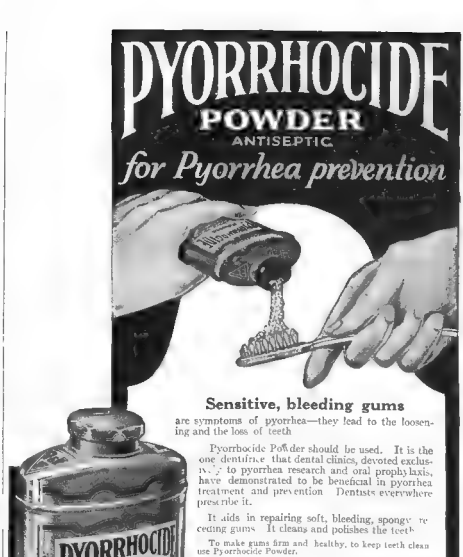

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Judge Dunn of Worcester, who sits in court up that way, viewing year after year the sorry procession of youthful offenders which passes before his bench, knows the Lemons and wishes to Heaven there were more like them.

Here in America, most generous of all countries, he says the woods are full of folks who will write out checks for almost any good cause. "But where can you find the people who can and will devote their thought, strength and means to opening their homes, taking into their families, educating and training boys and girls who, through no fault of their own, are deprived of even the ordinary opportunities of life?

Where can you?

A Joy Ride That Pays

(*Continued from Page 60*)

than those when pig club meets pig club. Girls' champion canning teams from Illinois meet teams from Iowa, give and take defeat. Big meetings are held in county seats, and medals are pinned upon boys and girls, who are very proud and happy and somewhat scared. At every possible excuse refreshments are served. If these husky young food-raisers are not entitled to do a good deal of eating, who is?

And songs are sung. One gets the impression that whenever two or more club members get together they make a more or less melodious noise. There has already grown up quite a club-song literature—the old standbys, of course, patriotic songs and parodies like those popular ones beginning, "Johnny, get your hoe" and "Keep the home cow milking." There is that spirited song (sung to the tune of the "Old Gray Mare"), "The 4-H Club-mobile," and the popularity of rounds is utilized in such parodies as "Hoe, hoe, hoe, your row."

With all this gayety it must be clear that there is a good deal of joy connected with the responsibility of being a club member. As for the work, it must be remembered that a great many of the members would have had to work anyhow, helping along the common farm enterprise. Farmers do not make a practice of bringing up their children in enervating idleness. The difference is that they are now working to a more definite purpose and for their own interests. Until boy nature is revised upwards he will continue to find little inspiration in hoeing somebody else's corn and feeding the vague and indefinite family pig. Doing it for oneself, competing for prizes, preparing to come before a jury of one's peers with some notable achievement, getting another H upon one's club pin—that is a horse of another color. The work is still there but the stinger is taken out.

Herein lies the difference between the work of the Junior clubs and that child labor which we are determined to abolish from the land. Child labor exploits children for the benefit of somebody else, club work exploits pigs and soil and government agents for the benefit of the children. The work is not always easy, but the members are not encouraged to bite off more than they can reasonably be expected to chew. Best of all, the member is his own boss. And anybody who has ever been a boy or who has mothered or even sistered one knows that he has, somewhere in his internal economy, an automatic safety valve that keeps him from working too hard, if he is his own lenient employer.

There seems to be no disagreement upon the social value of this club work. It is endorsed by such vigorous opponents of child labor as the Department of Labor, the Bureau of Education and the Red Cross Society. In Secretary Houston's words, "Who could have anything but praise for the work that teaches farm boys and girls of today how they can be progressive farmers and housekeepers of tomorrow?"

All of this club activity centers in the States Relations Service, of which Dr. A. C. True is the director, in the Fourteenth Street neighborhood where the Department of Agriculture overflows its banks and spreads all over that section of the capital. Here is where they make the rules and keep the records, for all the weights and measures must be standard and according to Hoyle; here is where they find new worlds for these young Alexanders of ours to conquer. Here they keep their hands upon the pulse of the movement, get the reports of the agents and thousands of those annual essays by the members upon their projects—stiff and awkard enough, often, as when youth takes its pen in hand, but sometimes surprisingly unconscious and spirited. There is a fine faith and enthusiasm among the captains and lieutenants here and they know what they are doing. One does not find here any disposition to believe that the millennium is coming as the result of this work—at least not before the week after next—but they know that they are building a big future. They take their four H's very seriously, the head, the heart, the hands and the health. They know that a well-rounded boy is a bigger asset than a hundred-bushel acre and that a girl that knows her intelligent way about the house and garden is worth more than a wagon load of canned tomatoes. It is of such stuff that the hope of tomorrow is being made.

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

I Americanize Myself

(*Continued from page 27*)

dreamed of returning home to the fatherland to enjoy the fruits of his labors. There has been nothing to appeal to him, to hold him in this country, and the fatherland is the only goal he knows. It is natural that nationality and nativity form a strong attraction for one who is in reality but a stranger in a strange land.

Nature, however, provided me with a bull-headed determination which many immigrants lack and it helped me in an environment of bull-headed defiance of all obstacles. I simply did what I saw others do. But the thing that I cherish the most is the helping hand which would not have been given to one of my hopeless helplessness in any other country on earth.

A. P. Johnson.

Soldiers of Citizenship

(*Continued from page 37*)

varieties, Frenchmen, Danes, Greeks, Dutch, Hungarians, Hondurans, Irish, Italians, Lithuanians, Moroccans, Mexicans, Norwegians, Portguese, Poles, Russians, Rumanians, Spaniards, Siberians, Turks, and Venezuelans. Could there be conceivably a better test of Americanization possibilities? Yet that was just about the nationality make-up of the development battalions which, in the training camps of the war made Americans out of illiterate immigrants. The achievement makes one think of what Macaulay wrote upward of a century ago:

"Many politicians of our time are in the habit of laying it down as a self-evident proposition that no people ought to be free until they are fit to use their freedom. The maxim is worthy of the fool in the old story who resolved not to go into the water till he had learnt to swim. If men are to wait for liberty till they become wise and good in slavery, they may indeed wait forever."

A few weeks ago Col. J. Lentz, a D'Artagnan for ideas, suggested to the powers that be at Washington that it would be a good thing for the reconstructed recruits and a better thing for the Americanization cause generally if an exhibition squad could be taken over the United States to show the people just what has been accomplished; special attention being paid to cities and communities where the foreign born, non-English speaking population is heavy. Again the Colonel was told to go to it. He selected at random a squad of twenty-eight enlisted men out of the six hundred at Upton and took the squad to most of the big cities in the East and in the Central States. Exhibition drills by the cadence system were held. Enlisted men of the squad which proudly

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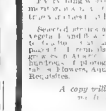

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advertised itself as "Americans all," made brief talks explaining just how they felt about the whole idea. Receptions, dinners and dances were given for them. Lentz has a scrap-book big as your old family Bible which is crowded with enthusiastic editorial comment and with news stories revealing how much reporters were impressed. Many editorials are from foreign language newspapers. But the best results of the tour came when Privates Balchunas, Kristopolos, Myatowych, Svennigssen, et al., dropped into colonies of their own people, heads up, chests out, proudest boys you ever saw, and proceeded to tell their folk what the United States of America now means to them. They made such talks in movie theatres and on street corners. And they made a hit. Lentz and his junior officers were bombarded with questions in the colonies of the foreign born as to what the Army can do for the young man of foreign birth. The men of the squad were treated like heroes in these communities of the unleavened alien.

The yeast is working, Col. Lentz feels confident, and the big thing is for Congress and the people to comprehend the value of this melting pot, the only utensil of the kind that has ever worked, the United States Army's new system. The Army plans to extend the system in numerous district recruit schools.

I have written a good deal about the benefit to the individual who comes into the Army illiterate and ignorant. Here are points that Lentz and his fellow-workers make: What about the benefit to America? Just how will the United States be profited materially? Ask yourself. The thing, it seems, is as obvious as a mountain. Do we care again to face a military situation with nearly 25 per cent. of the young men of the country unable to speak, read or write the English language? Do we feel comfortable under any circumstances and especially in these disturbed and restless times with a fourth of the youth of America blindly ignorant of the purpose of America, as well as the language of America? Are we content that the foreign language press reaches thirty million persons in our land and with such appeal as any observant man knows to be dangerous for democracy? Would not business men, advertisers, publishers, like to reach these people in the English language? Are we satisfied that the number of illiterates and non-English speaking persons in the United States should outnumber the population of Canada and number more, indeed, than the whole population of the United States in 1800? The answer must be no. It certainly is the Army's answer, for the Army is stirred by the Big Idea and is going to try with all of the intelligent persistence characteristic of it to put the Big Idea over.

One final word from Lentz, who was born out in Theresa, Wis., was graduated from West Point in 1905 and is a hustler from Hustlerville:

"The United States Army from now on is a University in Khaki. We pay young men to attend our school of Americanism. More than that we promise to increase their earning capacity by hundreds of dollars a year after they leave the Army. But much more than that, we show them the way to become happy and contented citizens of the greatest nation on earth. We make Americans and our trademark is the good old 'E Pluribus Unum!'"

Better America

(Continued from Page 49)

A DREAM COME TRUE

confidence and who encourage a man to tell of himself. Perhaps, being wrapped up in the work, I talked better than usual. I told him of the poor buildings and equipment of the colored Y. M. C. A., of our struggles to raise money and give our boys a decent meeting-place with good surrounding influences, of our difficulties and our small triumphs and, possibly rather boastingly, I remarked that Mr. Rockefeller had given us $25,000 for a building in New York.

Mr. Rosenwald smiled a little and remarked, in his jocular manner, "I will give you $25,000 for every town in the United States that will raise $75,000."

Perhaps I looked a little bit stunned. I know I could not quite digest the figures at it mentally for some time, and the others looked as blank as I felt. Mr. Rosenwald threw back his head and laughed as if enjoying our bewilderment and said:

"Rather took your breath, didn't I?"

"Mr. Rosenwald," I said, "that may cost you a million dollars."

"I hope it does," he said. "I guess you can't do more than one a month, can you?"

The wonderful benefit that offer meant to my race was beginning to dawn on my mind. We had not come there to ask for anything, and were not expecting anything. I know that I felt like crying and singing at the same time and could not say a word, not even to thank him. And he understood.

A man needs inspiration, and he gave it. He inspired me and he inspired every colored man who heard of his offer. In the next six months I called on him six times to make good his offer and each time he sent the check—and a letter of cheer urging me to greater efforts. No one excepting those interested in the work, knew of his generosity until the first of the next year,

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when he announced publicly his offer to the colored Y. M. C. A.

It was a year or more after that time that my work called me to Chicago. Mr. Rosenwald invited me to be his guest at dinner at his country home at Ravinia and tell him how the work was progressing. It was just a family party, his wife, and children and his aged mother. He seated me at his right hand and his mother at my right—a wonderful old lady to whom he is beautifully devoted. During the dinner he made me talk of the colored people and of our work among them, of the Y. M. C. A. work. He inspires a man, draws him out, his delicate sympathy and understanding make a man feel it a privilege to tell his hopes and his longings. I was a little proud of the things our people had done, under the inspiration of his generosity. The old mother listened with much interest and finally asked, in broken, careful English: "Mr. Moorland, did colored people do all these things?"

"Yes, by the help and inspiration of your son," I said.

She appeared to be thoughtful and a little puzzled, and finally asked: "How did you come to do it, Julius? Did anyone make you do it?"

They say that we of the colored race are more emotional, and more susceptible to such feeling than others. Perhaps this is true. I know that I felt in her question the whole of the pathos of the Jew from the beginning of history. Perhaps Mr. Rosenwald felt it, too. With that beautiful deference and love of the Jewish people for the mother, he turned to her and smiled, as he said:

"No, mother. No one made me do it. You see I met Moorland and I liked him. He did not ask me for anything. I wanted to set an example because I know of no people to-day so in need of help as are the colored people in the United States."

There was a little silence and I know I felt very strongly what he said. His old mother arose from her chair and walked behind me to him. She put her arm around his neck and he patted her hand.

"You are a very good boy, Julius," she said.

He laughed as a child does, happy at praise from his mother, and said:

"That's all right, mother, I got it all from you."

"From me?" she said in surprise. "I have no money."

He laughed again, very happily and patted her hand and she bent over and kissed him.

I know I could not have spoken because something was choking me. She returned to her seat and presently turned to me and said:

"Mr. Moorland, thousands of men have thanked me for Julius."

That was the night when I returned to my room and went to bed without thought of sleep and thrilled with something better than ever I had known. For I knew that God was good, and that, in spite of the fact that it sometimes seems different, men were good and that universal love among mankind was not an impossible dream.

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Health

(*Continued from Page 41*)

A RED CROSS HEALTH CENTER

find out what the trouble was. All he could do was a medium amount of work; he hadn't much strength, his body was thin, and his chest drooping.

He had a kind of perpetual cold, that kept him "wore down." There was nothing special the matter, he believed. He worked every day, and any idea of being really ill was entirely foreign to his mind. There were no doctors near his place, but he sort of took a notion that the next time he went to town he would hunt one out, and see if—well, perhaps he needed a little tonic or something or other to brace himself up a bit.

But when he got to town, he was entirely bewildered as to what doctor to consult. He hated to throw away his money on the wrong kind of assistance, and he dreaded falling into the hands of some slick city charlatan. He trudged and trudged the streets, trying to work it out with himself as to what he should do. The day was nearly passed and he found himself drifting back toward the homeward journey, disappointed at not having solved his problem, when suddenly he noticed a sign, which read "Health Center, American Red Cross." Here was an organization he knew and trusted, and he turned in through the gate, and went inside.

He found a Red Cross nurse ready to serve him. She was a "County Nurse," one who knew every doctor and every health and medical agency in the whole county. She was one of those crisp, efficient, helpful persons. The farmer stated the object of his visit, but the well-trained eye of this little nurse needed but one glance at his thin yellow face with two spots of red in his cheeks. At her instigation, the Anti-tuberculosis Association arranged for him to have an expert medical examination. It was found to be an active case of tuberculosis, fast sending him to the grave.

Immediate assistance was rendered to the farmer in adjusting his personal affairs, and he was then directed to a sanatorium, where he is making slow, but satisfactory recovery.

Have you a Health Center in your town or county?

WHY

WHEN the Field Investigator of the United States Public Health Service went to Yakima County, in the State of Washington, to find out why that County had a typhoid fever death rate three times as high as that for the United States as a whole, they made house to house visits to see what the sanitary conditions were and how much the people knew about the causes of disease. Sample answers given to the investigators as to why people in their County fell ill from typhoid were as follows: The Lord sends it, the devil brings it, bathing while the blood is hot, hereditary, green fruit, frogs, breath-

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ing other people's breath, damn laziness, going to church, cabbage!

When members of the households accompanied the investigator on his survey, and had it pointed out that drainage from the pigsty or the privy was entering the well; that chickens, after scratching in stable manure, went with the filth on their feet to the leaky platform over the well, they could not reasonably doubt the investigator's statement that the water from that well, used for drinking, was not what it should be, and that this was probably the real source of the typhoid.

The Public Health Service officers established headquarters at the County Seat, exhibited model sanitary devices, gave lectures all over the County, supplied the local newspapers with educational material besides distributing it in the mail and handing it from house to house, and they furnished town councils and boards of commission with information regarding specific conditions in their territories and with suggestions for betterment, especially from the standpoint of protecting water supplies.

During the year before the Government officers went to Yakima County, the number of deaths from typhoid fever in the principal town alone (the County Seat) had been 30. This means that they must have had some 300 cases of the disease, because only about one person in ten who contracts the disease actually dies of it. During the year of the survey, the number of deaths from typhoid dropped to 6. The next year it was 4, the next 3, and the next 2—but in these three years every case was contracted outside the County, and only came in there for treatment; that is, not one case was of local origin, in this once heavily infested locality.

Are the people who still have deaths from preventable disease in their communities asking themselves Why?

The March of The Red Cross

(Continued from Page 62)

in spite of the fact that simply from February, 1919, to August, 1919, nearly nine millions of dollars worth of financial assistance was rendered to the families of soldiers—and despite the fact that most Home Service sections are making a check on every disabled soldier on their local list, and in many cases on even all discharged soldiers, and are seeing to it that every possible service is being rendered to them also.

The vigorous vitality of this Red Cross work and its turning toward the social problems of our communities is one of the best guarantees that the tremendous asset created in America by the Red Cross organization in the war will not be lost to us by dissipation or the encroachment of personal interests.

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That film is what discolors—not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

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of the Red Cross—and destined perhaps to be the first in a short while!—that of Health, has confined itself so far to an intensive campaign of education on the subject of the health center, to the adoption of a nation-wide nursing programme, to the establishing of First Aid Classes—of which nearly a thousand are in existence, with an enrollment of twenty thousand!—and of Home Nursing Classes, which are being rapidly formed in dozens of communities in many parts of the country.

The community health center will represent the whole community, indeed. It will assure the highest degree of service, under the most efficient direction, of all the community's various agencies and when attained will represent unquestionably the greatest single step of our time in the direction of public health.

For the Red Cross, the role of adviser and helper will suffice.

THE PROMISE OF THE JUNIOR RED CROSS

The Junior Red Cross, with its millions of members in the schools, public and private, throughout the United States, is the third great peace-time activity. Chief among the activities in which its boys and girls will engage will be extending relief to less fortunate children in war-swept Europe and lending a helping hand to suffering children in this country, particularly through Red Cross Home Service. This assistance in the home towns will take many forms, such as providing clothes and other necessities to children of service men disabled in the war; helping children threatened with tuberculosis build up their strength at open-air camps; helping crippled children by providing companionship, crutches and doctor's care, or finding means of transportation to and from school; founding free beds in children's hospitals, and sending flowers, books and toys to the tiny patients that use them.

They will be kept informed of the results attending their efforts for child victims of the war abroad through a new monthly bulletin. And through this publication also they will learn about the school farms their contributions provided French boys who lost their homes in the war, the clothing they sent suffering children of many lands, the vacations provided a thousand war orphans from the crowded cities of France, the thirty thousand chairs and ten thousand tables the Juniors have been making for the homes of repatriated war refugees, and the hospitals and orphanages they helped establish.

At the present moment, indeed, the Junior Red Cross is organized in all the schools, public, private and parochial, throughout the United States by memberships that include all the pupils. Its funds are raised by the combined efforts of the children through entertainments, salvage work and odd pennies. It holds in it a great promise.

Then remains the task of making it good.

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